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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLV No. 1898 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JUNE 6 1936

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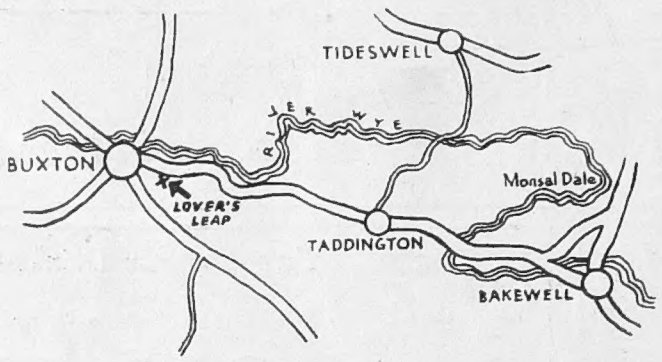

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Volume CXLV No. 1898 The SPHERE, London, June 6, 1936

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, June 6, 1936

Proclaiming the Coronation

Colourful Ceremonial in London's Streets as the Great Day is Announced

On the death of King George the Officers of Arms, habited in their decorative tabards, drove through the streets of London to announce the accession of King Edward, and on Friday of last week the people of the capital witnessed colourful ceremonial of almost identical character when the date fixed for the Coronation—Wednesday, May 12, 1937—was proclaimed at four points—Friary Court, St. James's; Charing Cross; Temple Bar; and the Royal Exchange. This picture was taken at Temple Bar, the "gateway" of the City, as Clarenceux King of Arms (Mr. Arthur Steuart Cochrane, C.V.O.) stood up in his coach and read from the scroll "His Majesty's Pleasure touching His Royal Coronation and the Solemnity thereof." It was a moment at once picturesque and significant, and many must have paused to reflect how, here in the heart of newspaperland, news was once again being conveyed to the populace in the old way. Facing Clarenceux was the Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Aldermen, the Sheriffs, the Recorder, the Common Serjeant, and other dignitaries from whom Bluemantle Pursuivant had a few moments before demanded entrance into the City of London, answering the City Marshal's challenge of "Who Comes There?" with the words, "His Majesty's Officers of Arms"

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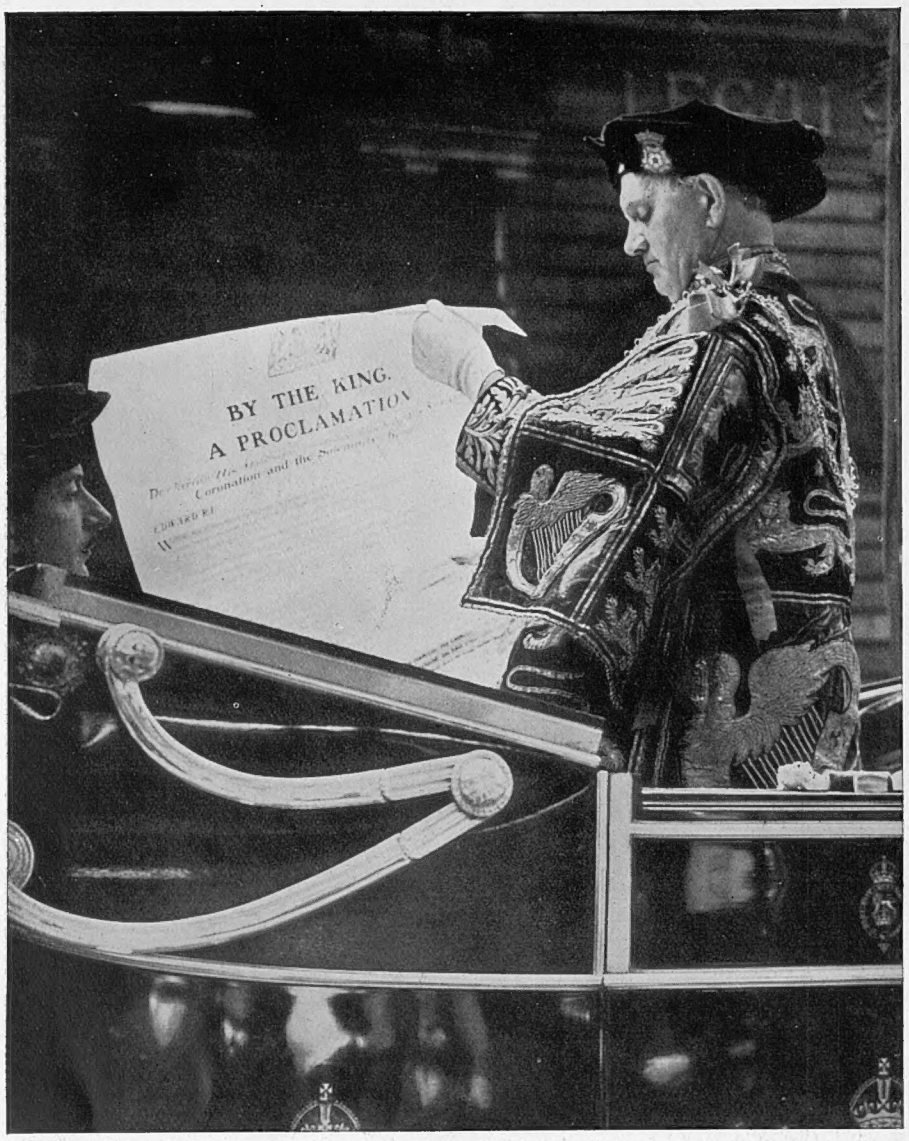


"DECLARING HIS MAJESTY'S PLEASURE": Clarenceux King of Arms (Mr. Arthur Steuart Cochrane, C.V.O.) standing in his carriage at Temple Bar as he read the Coronation proclamation for the third time. At this point—the "gateway" of the city—the Heralds were met by the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and the Sheriffs (*see Frontispiece*)

A London Newsletter

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, June 3, 1936.

THE AGA KHAN—AND DOES.—Follow Luck or Merit or whatever it is which hands out a sequence of successes to owner or jockey

MR. THOMAS' SUCCESSOR: Mr. W. G. A. Ormsby-Gore, M.P., First Commissioner of Works, who has been appointed Secretary of State for the Colonies. His promotion has been received with very real satisfaction in the House, as he has already had experience at the Colonial Office and has travelled widely in the Empire

or stable, or to the middle dozen, or the colour red, or the Cambridge crew. That was the advice of my great-uncle Cartaret (now with God) which I remembered about 3.15 on May 27. Lord Astor's bad luck was doomed to continue—the Blue Riband still to evade him. The Aga Khan's over-flowing cup Fate chose for yet another Magnum. "To him that hath . . ."—it is the way of the world—let us drink the toast. Another Derby's done with—another record, of course—and the winner is chalked up, and, I'm bound to add, a prettier never flashed first past the post.

THE KING'S ENGAGEMENTS.—One by one the major engagements to be undertaken by the King in the busy year ahead are made public, the date of the Coronation being now fixed for Wednesday, May 12, 1937. On July 26, to keep a promise which he made as Prince of Wales he will go, perhaps by air, to Vimy Ridge to unveil the great war memorial to the Canadian troops which is at last nearing completion. It has taken fourteen years to finish. It has cost a quarter-million, and records the names of 11,000 Canadians who gave their lives, many of them to the crowning achievement of capturing the Ridge (April 12, 1917). It will be the King's first visit abroad since his accession, and the French, as well as the Canadians, will give the visit and the ceremony the fullest honours. In September it is almost certain that the King will spend some weeks at Balmoral. Of late years he has spent some of his autumn holiday abroad. The necessity for "putting the Crown in commission" when a British Sovereign goes abroad must curtail the King's foreign visits, and it will be good news for Dee-side. There is a chance, which depends still on political events, that the King may undertake a longer overseas tour next year in the autumn. King George set a precedent when he attended in person the Delhi Durbar in December, 1911. If King Edward follows it he may sail for India in November, 1937. But it is very much in the air and will long remain so. Meanwhile one important and age-old institution connected with the preliminaries to the Coronation has been proclaimed; the Court of Claims to decide on Coronation services, presided over by the Lord Chancellor, and having other legal luminaries, the Lord President and the Earl Marshal, as members.

THE DEFENCE FORCE.—That Defence Force, it seems, is at last to be proceeded with. If I remember right, suitable candidates were some time since invited to join. Several I know were heartily snubbed for their pains. I was myself. I was told first that "nothing was known of it," then that "I had better wait." An active man under sixty, who has the experience of twenty years Territorial service and perhaps experience of three or four years active service in France or elsewhere, should be of great use in such a force. There are thousands of such men—a body worth taking trouble over. Will that trouble be taken? Will enlistment be made easy for him or will he be choked off by lack of preparation of the scheme? It should be settled in advance whether (a) he should apply to his old Territorial unit; (b) or to the proper authority in the county of his present residence. And, essentially, his Service qualifications should now be obtained and pigeon-holed, so that in the event of his being needed, he could be instantly allocated to the sort of job which he could best carry out—e.g. ex-staff officers or adjutants should now be ear-marked for such jobs; signal officers for communications; transport officers for transport jobs and so forth. If the scheme is again bungled or started half-heartedly, it is time wasted and good material also.

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL.—It is impossible not to be thankful when one hears of a London hospital moving a little farther from the roar of modern traffic. If it were not for the convenience of out patients and the needs of casualties, one would wish that every London hospital situated as is the Westminster, could dispose as satisfactorily of its key-site—St. George's and Charing Cross in particular. For one hundred years the Westminster Hospital has stood facing the Abbey. Its site has increased in value by fifty times in the century. It was, truth to tell, always a noisy site; for traffic racket is no modern misery, and iron-tyred wagons were in some ways noisier than motor cars. But it is to-day no place for a hospital and the building itself, never very admirable, is antiquated. The new site in the Horseferry Road will give greater space and quiet and lose little in the essentials of convenience. But the new hospital will cost £600,000 to build and equip, and only £350,000 of this sum will be derived from the sale of the site. What takes the place of the old hospital must be a matter of the most exact consideration by all authorities. For this site, as was acknowledged by the Committee which considered the King George Memorial, is a part of the Empire's heart.

LORD DARLING.—Of Lord Darling, as a judge and as a man, little new remains to say already. I knew

him and had opportunities to study his methods at close quarters. I was his Marshal soon after I had been called to the Bar. I stayed at his house in the New Forest more than once and I studied him in court for years. A top-hatted Judge's Marshal is usually the happy holder of a sinecure. His business at each circuit town ends when he has sworn in the grand jury and written a few invitations for the Judge. But my marshalship was no sinecure. For Mr. Justice Darling at that time was correcting some French verses of which he had written a series, epigrammatic and in poetic form highly technical; and I was the dog on which he tried them. It was the Midland circuit moreover and the judge was very anxious to get a day's hunting from each assize town. So he sat very late on the first day and usually made the last day a blank day for the law but not for the chase. It was left to me to inspect the prisons at Aylesbury, Warwick, Leicester or what not. I sat by his side while he tried two murderers. When he was made a judge, there was a mild outcry. A job (and a good job, too!). I think he never earned £400 a year in fees as a junior. He had fought courageous by-elections and was a witty speaker and writer. But he made good at once. He had great dignity and courage, for all his diminutive stature and proneness to jesting. His mind moved to the *relevancies* about twice as quickly as an average clever counsel's and he really possessed the soundest knowledge of common law. In a murder or other serious criminal trial I never heard him make a jest. I saw him cow more than one bully and blackguard in court by the ferocity of his dignity. He looked an eighteenth century figure and was rather like William Pitt. He conducted

his trials with rapidity—he was for ever hustling on the long-winded—but he never slurred over a vital point nor missed an essential. He was at his worst I think in *causes célèbres* in K.B.D. The publicity of the Press did perhaps sometimes go to his head and he occasionally "showed off." He was immensely proud of his French and lost no opportunity to play interpreter with a French witness. I cannot agree with a great legal luminary who has said that Darling's jests were appreciated by all in court. In one sense no doubt they were appreciated. The public in a dull court likes to laugh. But in nine cases in ten, nine out of ten of his hearers laughed without knowing why. He was a true wit and very contemptuous of lack of culture and slowness of mind. His epigrams and witticisms were for the most part miles above the heads of his audience, and some of his allusions were very erudite and obscure, or quotations from books which only scholars and the curious had read. In Aylesbury Assize court I recall a roar of laughter in court following the judge's swift commentary in French on a remark by a rustic witness. It was an obscure quotation from Villon's *Grand Testament!* His own delight in an intellectual pleasantry beaconed in his eye and communicated gaiety to the court. Except for his penchant for showing off his knowledge of literature, French, and horse-mastership in court, Lord Darling had no characteristics which did not adorn, dignify and increase the efficiency of the Judicature. He was a good judge, of the law, of men, of horses and of literature, and he gave years of useful service to the Bench. He was a true friend and a delightful companion.

THE BRITISH LEGION'S ANNUAL REMEMBRANCE PARADE: The impressive scene during last Sunday's service at the Cenotaph which was conducted by the Dean of Westminster, Dr. Foxley Norris, and attended by 10,000 members of the Legion and the standard bearers of 300 branches from all parts of the country. General Sir Ian Hamilton, Chairman of the Metropolitan Division, placed a wreath of poppies on the Memorial

NATIONAL ART COLLECTION.

—The annual reports of N. A. C. Fund are often interesting. That of 1935 is no exception. It reveals good and bad. One disquieting feature may be mentioned first of all. The attendance of the public at our great London Museums—which contain the potential "value" of the National Debt—has shown of late years an alarming falling off. In six years it has fallen by nearly a quarter, by 22 per cent. It is an enormous and significant fall. Those who comfort themselves easily by ascribing it to "two fine summers" quiet themselves in vain. It is unquestionably a loss of interest in art suffered through a marked increase of interest in science. The Science Museum alone has gained in attendance, and by as much as 27 per cent. We have spent a fortune, generously subscribed and wisely allocated, in increasing the value, range and interest of our National Golconda of Art treasures, and we are brought up short with the doubt as to whether the public values our efforts. Is the public of our day so mechanically minded as to raise the question: Is this expenditure, are these efforts, justified? The executive is in no doubt that it is acting as a wise trustee for Posterity, if not for contemporary Britain. The age of wheels, of electricity, has its day and passes. Reaction follows action. *Ars longa, vita brevis.* The year has been a great one for achievement, and the Eumorfopoulos collection, the purchase of which is in process, takes pride of place. And rightly. It is a documented history of Chinese art, and its accepted value has suffered no eclipse from the late Chinese exhibition. To this purchase the N.A.C.F. made a substantial contribution. The Armada Jewel, bought back for England from the Morgan sale at Christie's, is an interesting historical relic—it was given by Elizabeth to Sir Thomas Heneage during the Armada period and remained in the family till the twentieth century. Lord Wakefield paid for its repurchase. Holbein's "Mrs. Pemberton," a superb miniature, also from the Morgan collection, was rescued by Lord Duveen. Raeburn's famous painting of Sir Walter Scott was also rescued from America and is back in Edinburgh. These are but one or two of the rescued treasures, saved for Posterity, for which Posterity will assuredly thank the N.A.C.F. one day, as also for its far-sighted policy in the age of Mechanisation.

THE REFORM'S CENTENARY.

—The Reform's was a notable centenary in clubland. A new world was beginning (it was to last *for ever*) when it was founded four years after the passage of the great Reform Bill, which handed to the despised middle-class a few of the sweets of privilege, which was to produce a revolution and upheave "our ancient Constitution"; and after four years was found to have left the world very much as it was. A lord found himself still a lord, a landlord still a very big-wig (especially if he was founded on coal deposits), and a British duke was still a reigning prince. The intensest political bitterness, carried into private life, had mellowed a little, but the Carlton and Reform Clubs sprang into being to afford the new protagonists of the two great camps the sweets of luxury, repose, and splendid isolation which their age and wealth and the intensity of social hospitality demanded and which some of the older aristocratic clubs refused them. The Whigs, who sponsored the Reform, had chosen a new label, "Reformers." The label, "Liberal," was still to come in '36. The club house is one of Barry's masterpieces; every item in its furbishing and furnishing was the best obtainable. The library was installed entire and has never ceased to be admirably kept up to date. The food and wine were unexceptionable and are still deservedly praised. Alexis Soyer was bought for chef, the then cordon bleu of Europe, for Ude was now only a memory of greatness. The entrance hall is of course the Reform's great pride. It is immense, a gorgeous squandering of gilt-edged space. At one time the Travellers had an idea of imitating it in a smaller way by throwing its "well" into its existing lobby. The great hall of the Reform with its staircases and big rooms is hung with portraits of famous Whigs, Reformers, and Liberals. It is the headquarters and illustrated history book of a great party which being dead yet speaketh. Which *was* dead and is to come alive again. Yes, I hope so. Yes, I think so. And, by Cobden, now is the time, if ever. . . .

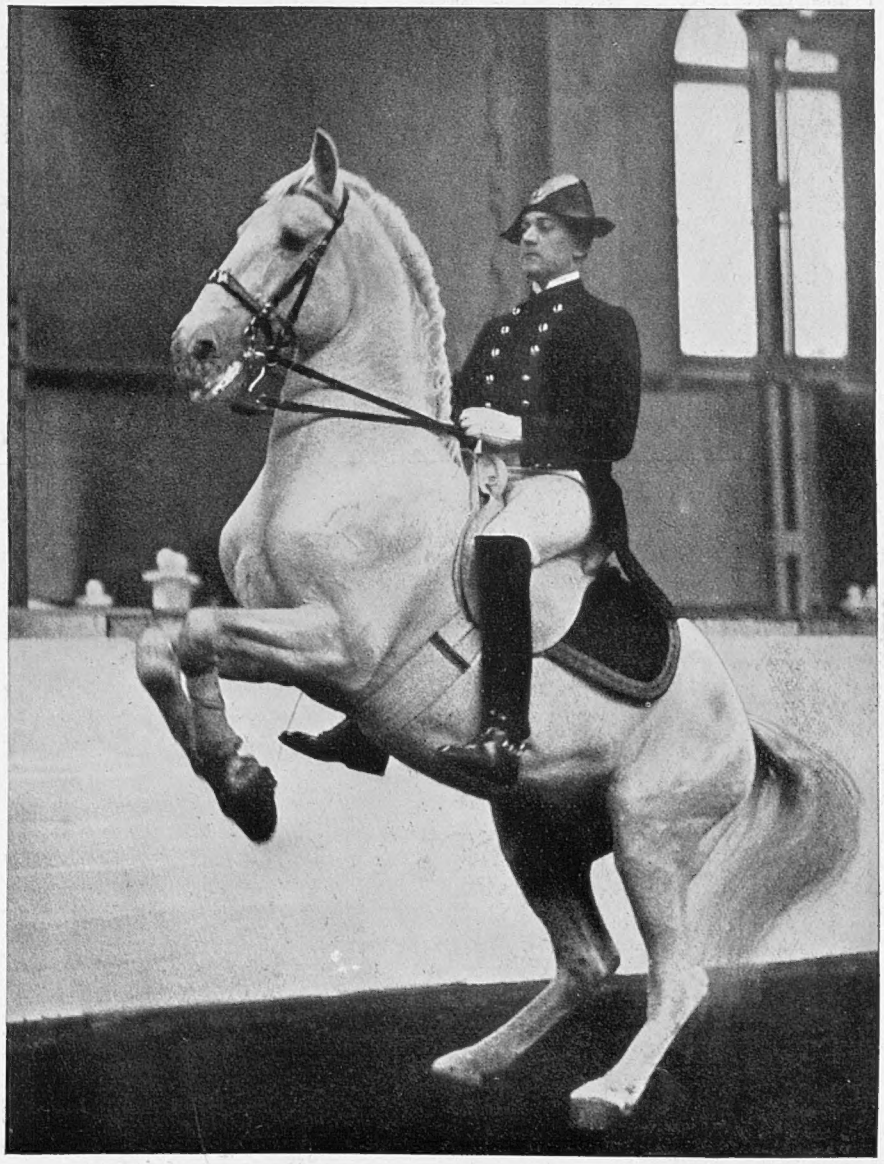
EXPERIENCE AND TRADITION.

—Mr. Ormsby-Gore, as foreshadowed, has taken Mr. Thomas's place. It is an appointment which has given general satisfaction. Mr. Gore has behind him a wide experience of colonial administration; he has put any amount of hard work into every department—even the most oblique—of this vital office, and has travelled widely in the Empire. It is the British way, and it may in normal times be sound, to shuffle Cabinet Ministers about without reference to their particular experience, and to leave it to the permanent officials to supply the data on which the Minister makes his decisions, unbiassed by the weight of his own knowledge. The Empire is too vital, too intricate a problem for that. The most experienced man available should be chosen to administer colonial affairs, and there is a pleasant sense of justice in the thought that Mr. Gore's qualifications are the result of immense pains and continuous hard work. The House of Cecil once more plays a very important part in the government of the country. Lord Salisbury's elder son and both his sons-in-law are in the Government, and they have behind them and in them the experience and the high traditions of public office which have accumulated in four centuries of service.

GARDENS IN JUNE.

—Here are a few more "naps" for garden lovers. East Sussex: Buckhurst, Withyham, opens on Sunday 7th, and if it maintains the reputation it had under the régime of Mr. Robin Benson, it is worth seeing. So is Nyman's, Handcross, a brilliant harmonisation of Art and Nature. West Sussex: The view from Bignor Park (in the Pulborough area) is unrivalled. It opens on Sunday 7th, and is close to the famous Roman Villa whose pavements and setting none should miss who find themselves near by. Crimbourne Farm (Saturday, 13th) is a little garden which Mr. Edward Howarth, of the Board of Education, has made enchanting; and at Burton Park, Petworth (Saturday, 27th) Mrs. Courtauld has created a large-scale effect with masses of quite commonplace plants in a glorious setting. Surrey.—Lady Cawdor's gardens, of particular interest to experts, open again on June 13 (Frensham Hall, Haslemere). Hascombe Court, Godalming (Sir John Jarvis) on June 20. Loseley Park, Guildford (June 16), is a glorious, if melancholy, Elizabethan house, the home of the Mores, with charming bits in its gardens.

THE OLD STAGER



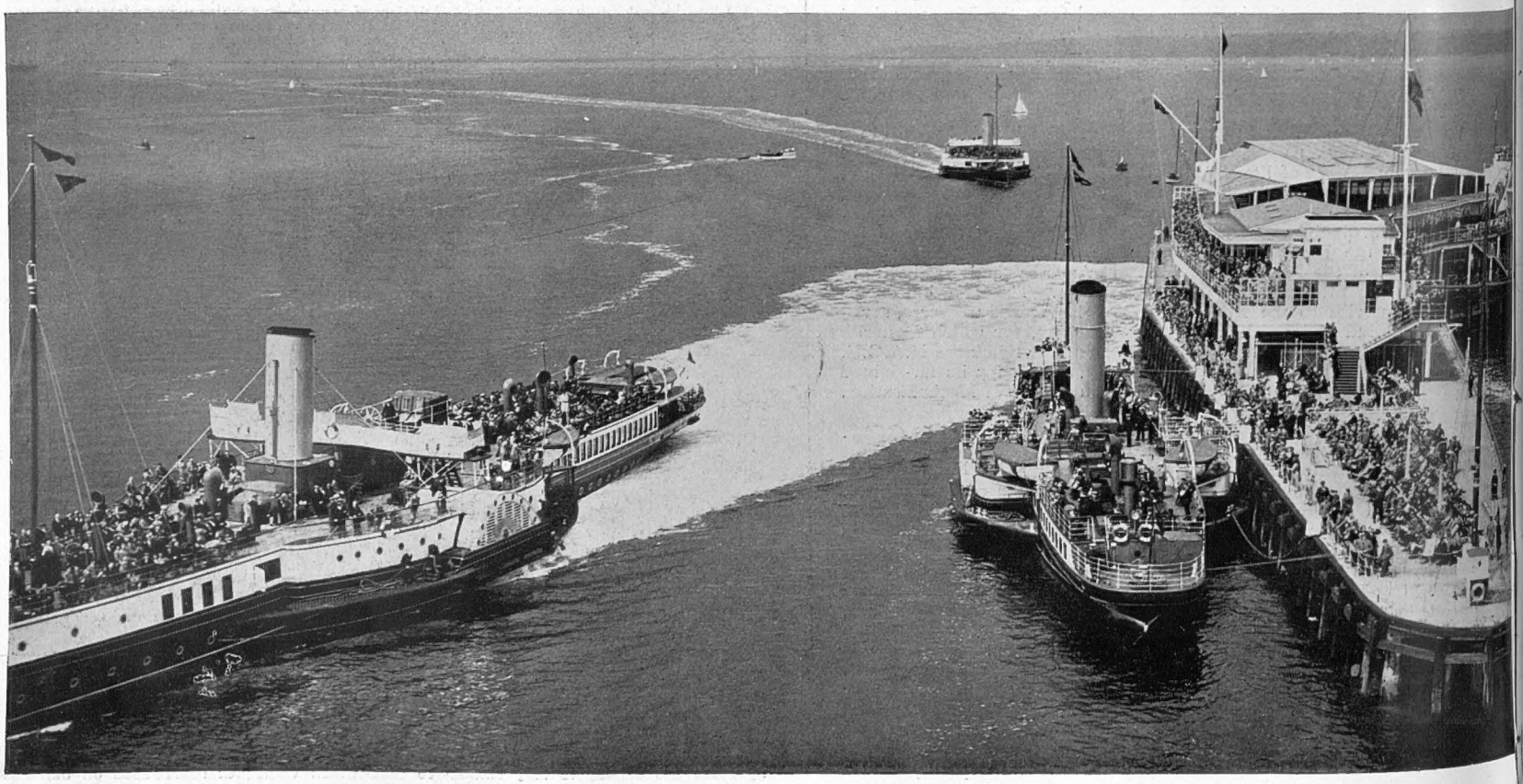
HAUTE ECOLE RIDING AT OLYMPIA: Herr J. Neumayer giving a demonstration of the mezair, in which the horse hops forward on its hind legs. One of the features of the spectacular item on the programme at the International Horse Show provided by members of the Imperial Riding School of Vienna, who are showing the methods of training horses which began in Austria about the year 1700. The uniform and accoutrements of mount and man are exactly the same as those that were used over a century ago, and the display is very similar to that which Velasquez reproduced on canvas

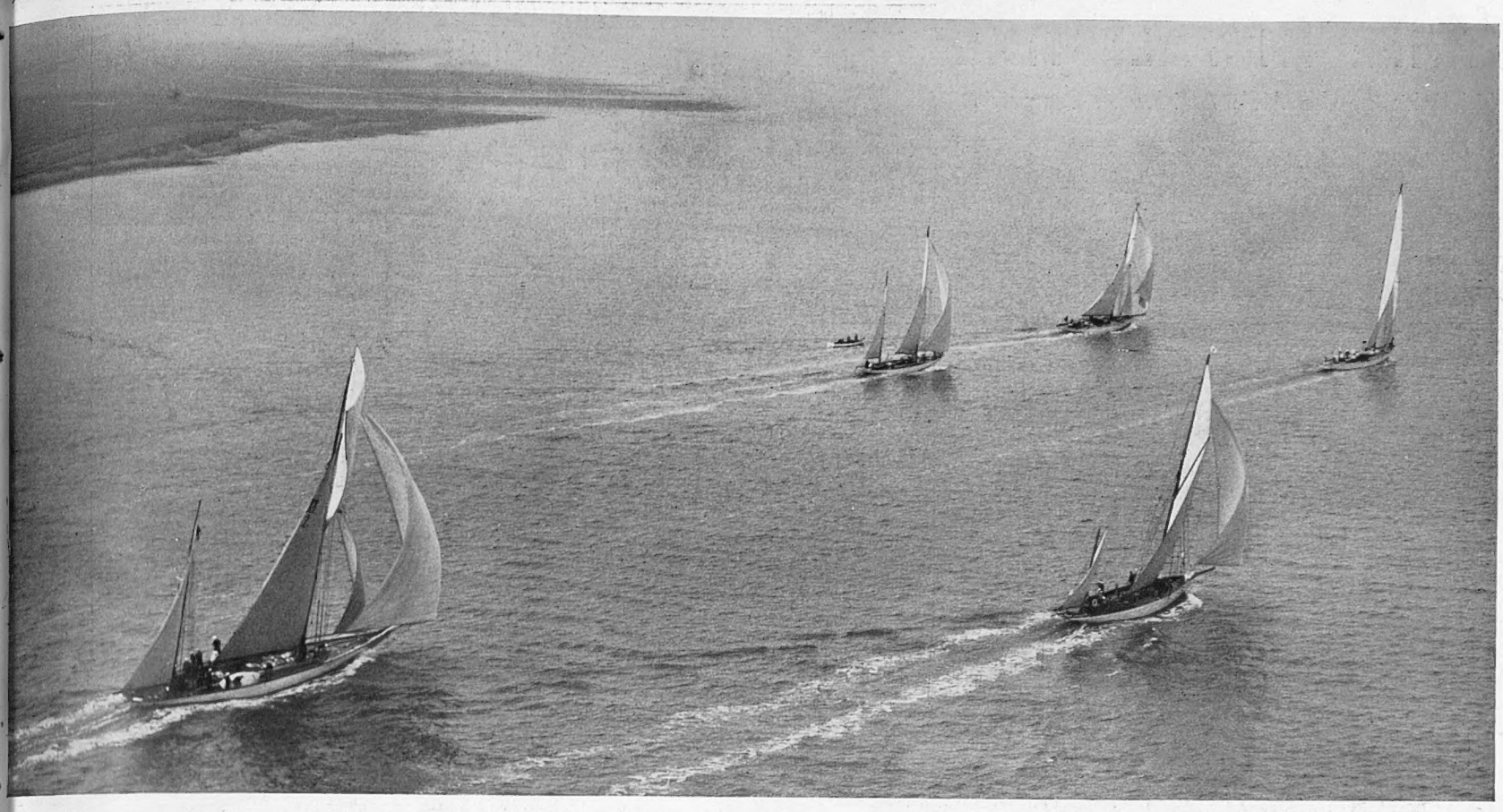
HOLIDAYMAKERS TAKE TO THE RIVER, SEA, AND HILLS

Aspects of a Whitsun Week-end which, in Spite of Adverse Weather, was Largely Spent in the Open Air

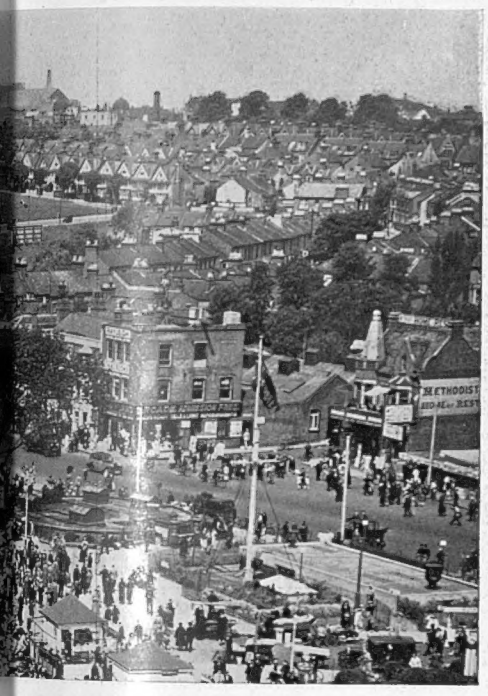
ALL ABOARD AT TOWER PIER: Passengers passing up the gangway on to one of the pleasure steamers which, in spite of the doubtful weather forecast, proved as great an attraction as ever. *Below*—A busy scene at Southend pierhead which is connected with the town by a pier a mile-and-a-half long. The vessel on the left is going on to Clacton

LAND-LUBBERS GO DOWN TO THE SEA: It may have been the coldest Whitsun for twenty-nine years but, none the less, it had its intervals of bright sunshine, and few people were disposed to stay indoors, making rather for the river, the seaside, and the hills. Here we see a happy party as the pleasure steamer *Crested Eagle* was about to cast off from Tower Pier at the start of her journey to Southend and Clacton, invariably a popular trip at Bank Holiday time

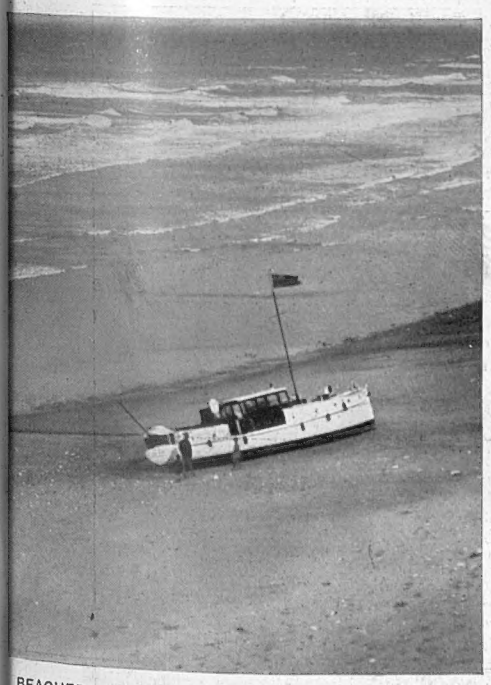




YACHTSMEN MAKE FOR DEEP WATER: Five of the record entry of twenty-three vessels pictured from the air after the start of the Royal Ocean Racing Club's 310-mile race from Burnham to Heligoland which began on Friday of last week, and was in full swing throughout the week-end. British, German, and Dutch yachts took part, and because of the unusually large number of contestants they had to be started in three sections. *Senta* (German, Herr H. Schmidt), *Asta* (a German naval yacht), *Trenchenar* (British, Mr. W. D. M. Bell), and *Rose* (British, Lieut.-Col. C. F. King) reached their destination on Whit Monday after making quick passages



SOUTHEND'S THRONGED SHORE: A holiday impression of the estuary resort where boating enthusiasts were in their element. Bathing, needless to say, was not quite so popular

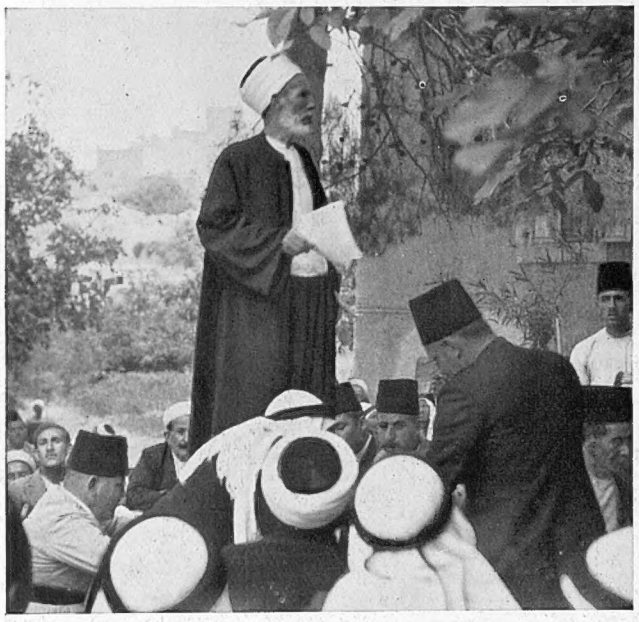


BEACHED: The motor yacht *Silver Arrow*, owned by a Knaresborough man, which was driven ashore over the week-end on the Yorkshire coast at Cowden. An attempt to refloat her was made immediately, but failed before the tide receded

"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY": A trio of hikers, equipped with stout walking staffs, passing the Kettle Crag in the Lake District, perhaps the most popular of all places for a walking tour. Throughout the country Whitsun was an open-air holiday, and indoor places of amusement, particularly museums, nearly all recorded low-attendance figures

STRIFE IN PALESTINE

Sidelights on the Arab Anti-Jewish Campaign

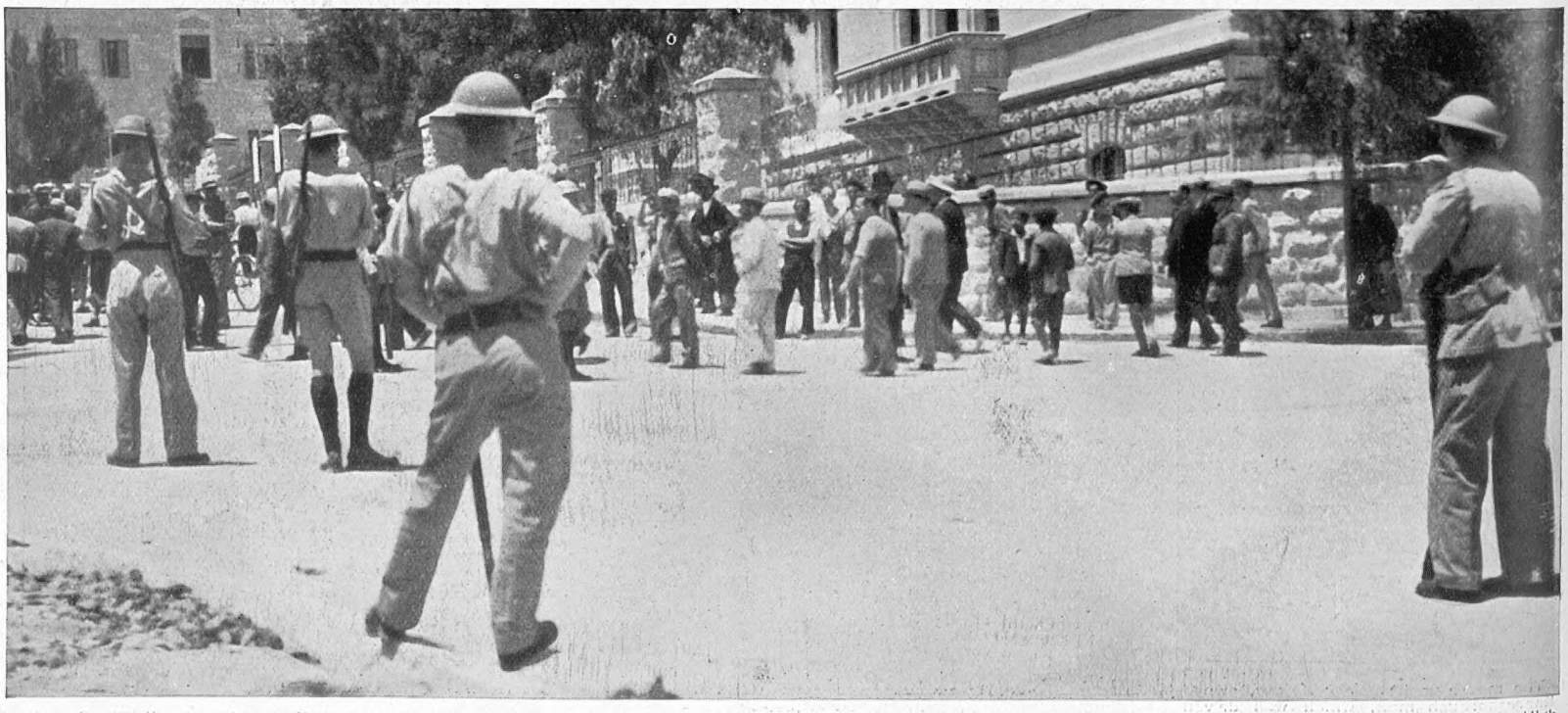


STATING THE ARAB CASE: A Muslim priest addressing a gathering at Abou Ghosh on behalf of the Arab Supreme Council. He is protesting against Jewish immigration and the sale of land in Palestine to the Jews, the two factors which have resulted during recent weeks in race rioting on a wide scale, and have made it necessary for the garrisons to be reinforced

FORTY WINKS: A member of Palestine's steel-helmeted, armed police force enjoys a nap on the roof of his van. A picture taken in Jaffa during a lull in the fighting which has been going on intermittently ever since the middle of April when an Arab strike was followed by rioting, shooting, and the burning of Jewish property. On May 18 the High Commissioner, Sir Arthur Wauchope, approved the Labour schedule of 4,500 Jewish immigrants for the half-year ending September 30, thereby showing the official intention not to yield to the high-handed Arab demands

HOW TRAFFIC IS PROTECTED ON THE MAIN ROADS: Private cars and buses passing along the highway below Gethsemane preceded by a police truck with an armed guard. Owing to the ever-present danger of Arab attacks motor vehicles going from one town to another have been allowed to proceed only in convoys headed by a military escort

TERRORIST OUTRAGE: Jewish-owned cars after being attacked in the streets of Jerusalem by Arab rioters. An everyday scene in the Holy City where the agitators have gone to extraordinary lengths in an effort to achieve their purpose. The police have had a tremendous task, but it must be said that their work has been rendered less severe in view of the fact that the Jews have remained on the defensive, attempting no reprisals

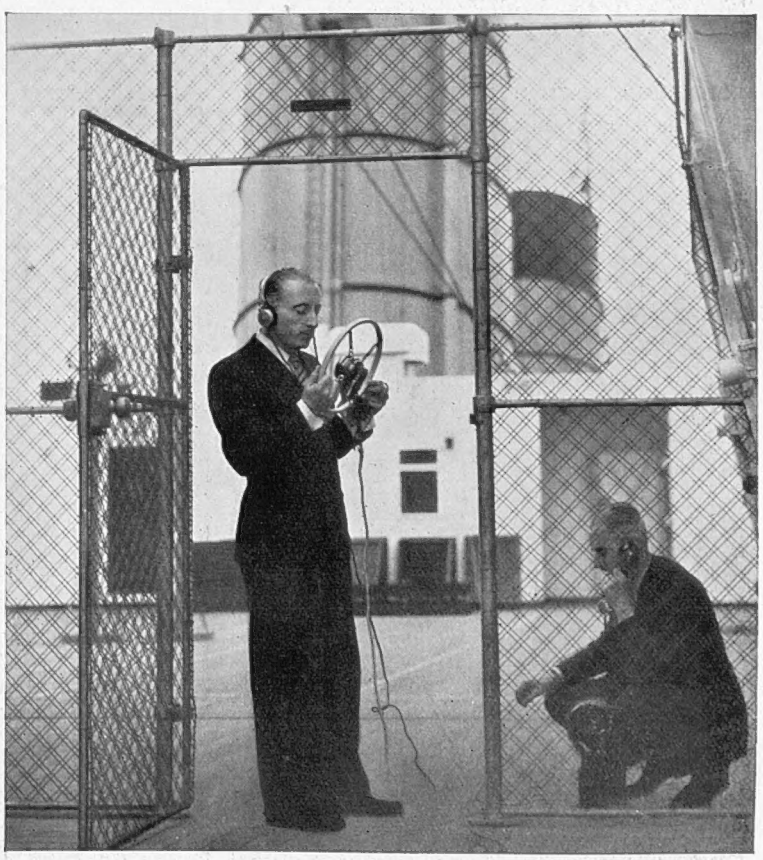


KEEPING THEM ON THE MOVE: Military patrols preventing crowds from collecting in a Jerusalem street—a scene just before curfew-time, after which all shops are closed and the pavements are deserted. In Jaffa there have been several instances of curfew-breaking, and on May 25 a large Arab gathering at the mosque was dispersed only after firing on both sides. Sir Arthur Wauchope, the High Commissioner, is making every effort, however, to avoid, wherever possible, the employment of measures that might result in loss of life or serious injury, and this attitude has clearly done much to diminish the general feeling of bitterness

The "QUEEN MARY" on HER MAIDEN VOYAGE to the U.S.

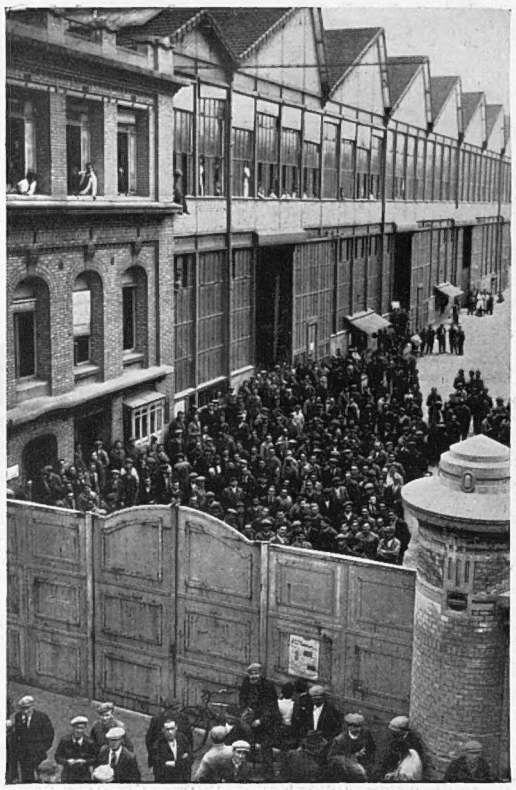
Scenes on Board the Great Liner as She Sped Towards New York where She was Welcomed Tumultuously

THE FIRST DAY AT SEA: An animated scene in the dining-room of the *Queen Mary* at the start of her maiden voyage across the Atlantic which ended on Whit Monday, when the great liner was given a tumultuous reception as she steamed up New York Harbour. Throughout the trip the vessel behaved perfectly, the passengers feeling no vibration in spite of the tremendous power of the engines, and, although fog intervened and prevented a record, the *Queen Mary* showed that the blue riband is well within her grasp



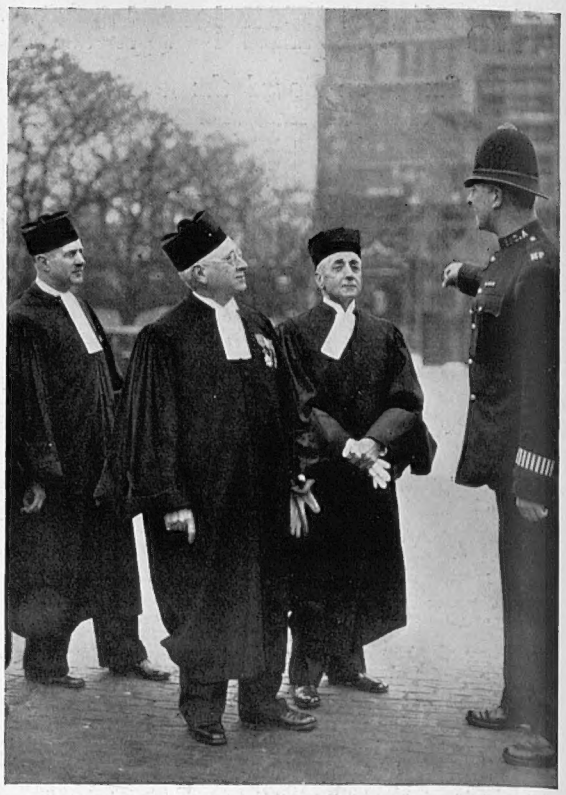
TELLING THE WORLD: A French radio announcer broadcasting from the promenade deck. A member of the party of British and foreign wireless officials who went on the maiden voyage and kept listeners in touch with the daily doings of those on board. *On left*—Looking along the bows as she ploughed her way through the calm waters of the English Channel

PERSONAL

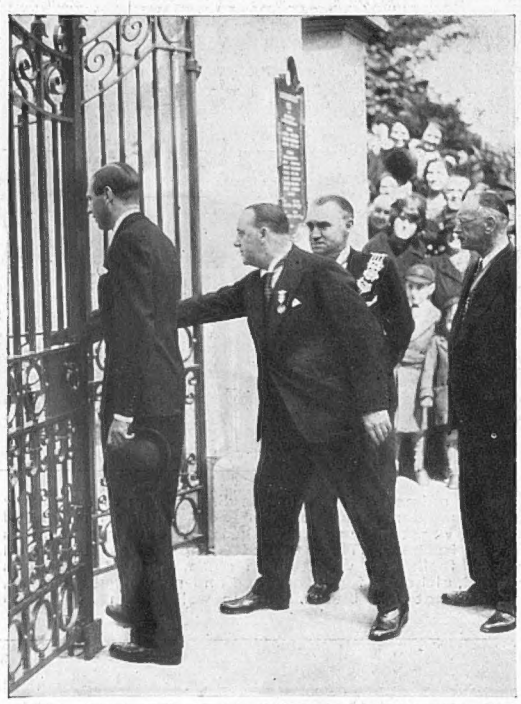


THE STAY-IN STRIKE AT THE FARMAN WORKS, BILLANCOURT: Employees of the noted French aviation plant who locked themselves inside the gates, refusing to leave until their demands for a wage increase and for a 40-hour week were met

THE EXILED EMPEROR LEAVES FOR ENGLAND: Haile Selassie, whom the Italian Press now chooses to call Mr. Tafari, entering Jerusalem station before entraining for Haifa where he boarded the cruiser *Capetown*. He arrived at Southampton on Wednesday

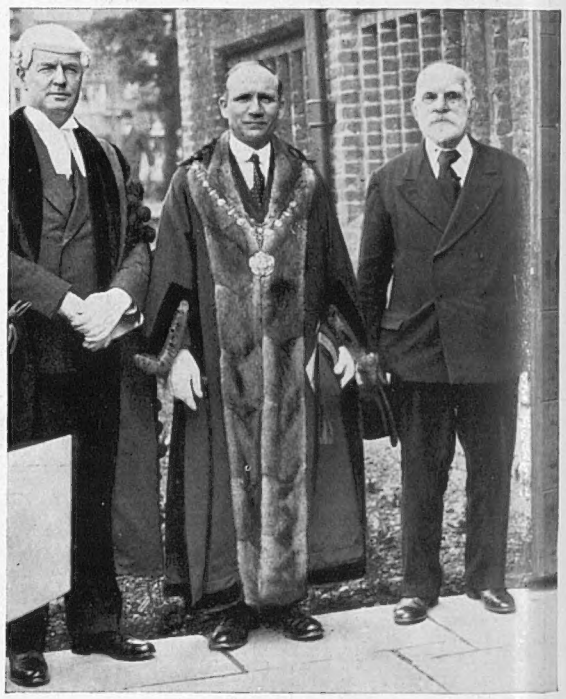


A FLYING VISIT: Three members of the large party of French lawyers pictured at the House of Commons during their recent two-day sightseeing tour of London. They had come over from Le Touquet where the Fédération des Avocats has been holding a conference



ROYAL INAUGURATION: The Duke of Kent declaring open the gates erected at the Licensed Victuallers' Benevolent Institution, Asylum Road, Peckham, to commemorate his presidency of the Institution

THE AIR MINISTER'S SON WEDS: The Hon. John Yarburgh Cunliffe-Lister, whose father is Viscount Swinton, and Miss Anne Medlicott, leaving St. Peter's, Eaton Square, following their marriage



STILL GOING STRONG: The Right Hon. John Burns, the veteran politician, with the Mayor of Woolwich, Councillor H. Berry, after opening the Tudor Barn Tea-house and Art Gallery at Well Hall Pleasaunce, Eltham

THE FUNERAL OF LORD DARLING: The famous judge's seventeen-year-old grandson and heir walking with his mother through the rain to Beaulieu Abbey Church, where the service was held before the interment. Lord Darling was 87

GERMANY'S AMBASSADOR-AT-LARGE ON HOLIDAY: Herr Joachim von Ribbentrop seen with his wife and the Marquess of Londonderry at Croydon before leaving by air for Belfast, where he spent Whitsun week-end with the Londonderry family

OPERA ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS: Lady Bonham Carter (nearest camera) and other members of the audience pictured in the grounds on the opening night of the Mozart Festival at Mr. John Christie's opera house which occupies a wing of his home Glyndebourne Manor

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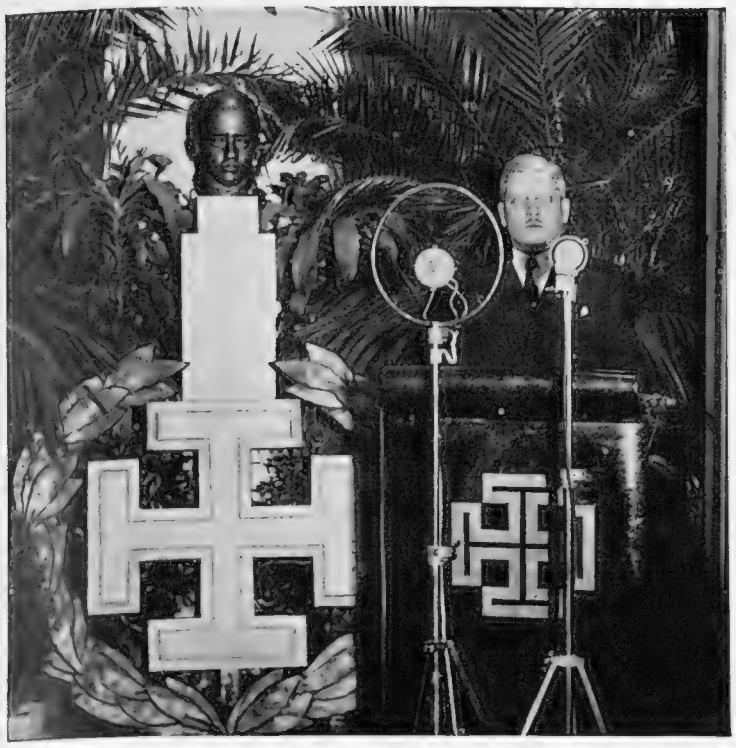
FOREIGN SURVEY



DR. SCHUSCHNIGG PUTS AN END TO DUAL CONTROL: The Austrian Chancellor mak'ng his first speech as leader of the Fatherland Front, the post from which he compelled his V.ce-Chancellor, Prince Starhemberg, to resign, thus ensuring the complete exclusion of the Prince from all influence in the Government. On the left is a bust of the late Dr. Dollfuss

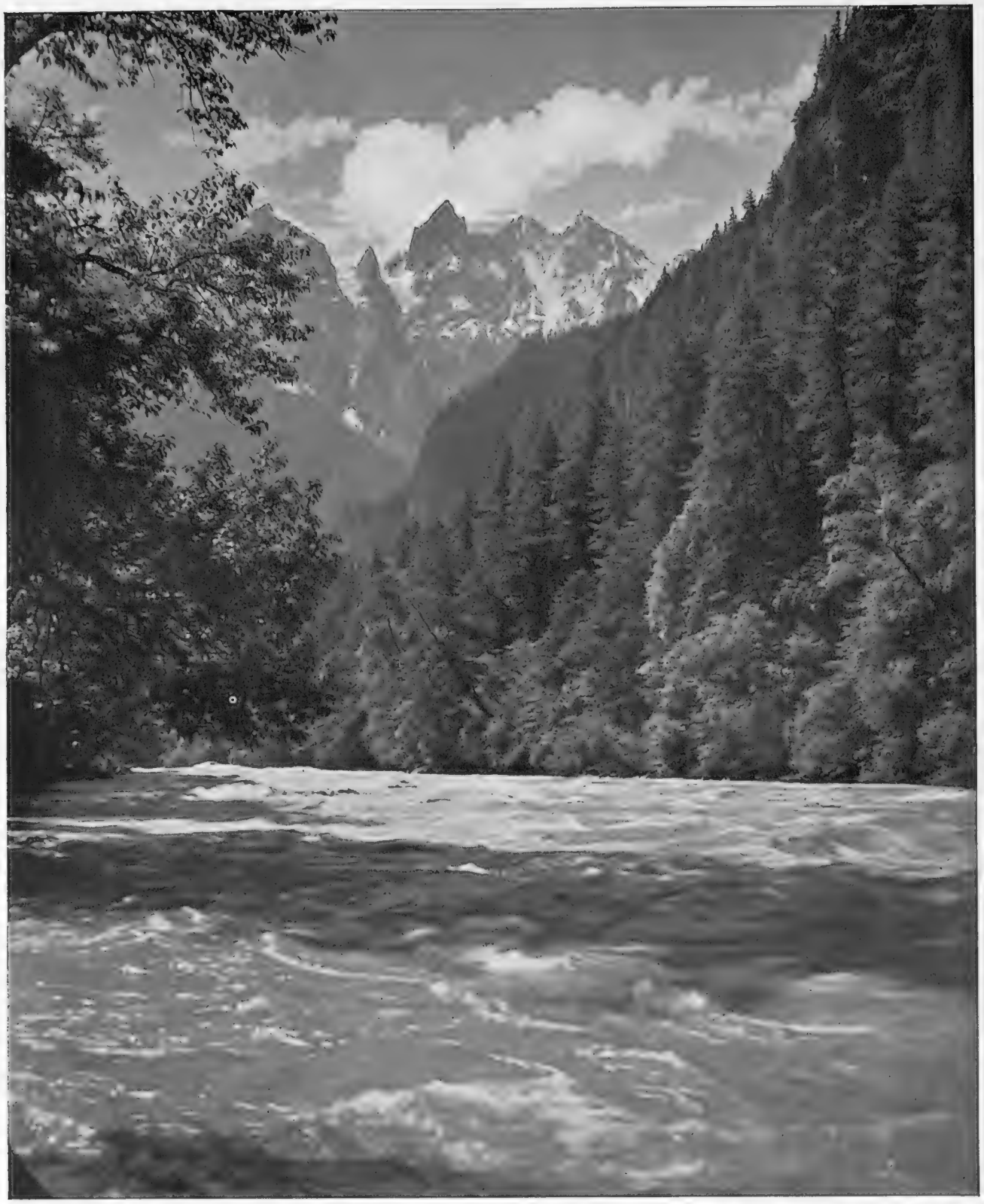
ANNIVERSARY PILGRIMAGE: Lady Keyes (second from r'ght centre window), wife of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes, with other members of the party which journeyed by train from Salonika to the battle areas on arrival in Greece on the Gallipoli cruise of the *Lancastria*. This was probably the last organised tour of this war region, and it coincided almost exactly with the twenty-first anniversary of the landings at Gallipoli

NEWS FROM THE HOLY SEE: The Pope, who is now in his eightieth year, is working almost as actively as ever. In the picture on the left His Holiness is seen surrounded by members of the Diplomatic Corps accredited to the Vatican, by Cardinals, and many other high dignitaries of the Church and Papal Court, as he formally inaugurated a world exhibition of the Roman Catholic Press and in doing so said that the opening synchronised with "the triumphal happiness of a great and good people in a peace which it hopes and confidently expects will be a prelude to that new European and world peace of which the exhibition seeks to be and is a clear symbol." These words have caused great jubilation in Italy. *Right*—The Pope's sister, sister-in-law, niece, and great-nieces standing bes'de his car when the Pontiff made one of his occasional excursions outside the Vatican to see the vast new building erected for the Sacred Roman Congregations near the Palazzo di San Callisto, Rome

A NEW FORCE IN BELGIAN POLITICS: M. Léon Degrelle (centre) surrounded by enthusiastic supporters at his Brussels headquarters when the election results were coming through and revealing the outstanding success of his new Rex party which, on entering the field for the first time, actually won twenty-one seats. One interesting item in the programme of the Rexists is to bring to an end the existing linguistic rivalry in Belgium

A BOTANIST IN UNKNOWN TIBET

Captain F. Kingdon-Ward's Adventurous 800-Mile Journey into a Floral Fairy-land Across the Mighty Himalayan Passes



THE MUSIC OF RUSHING WATERS: A glorious scene amid the mountain fastnesses of Tibet; a torrent coursing through the tree-clad gorge with a mighty range towering in the distance. An impression of the almost unknown country through which Captain Kingdon-Ward, the noted botanist, passed on his recent journey into southern Tibet from across the northern borders of Assam

IN THE GORGE OF THE YIGRONG: Members of Captain Kingdon-Ward's party climbing a portable cliff ladder consisting of a long wooden pole with notches cut in it for use as steps. *On right*—A rude bridge in course of construction after its predecessor had been swept away in the rainy season floods. The approach to it is via a flimsy, swaying wooden structure suspended along the side of the cliff-wall

Captain Kingdon-Ward needs no introduction to our readers, and the following account of his journeyings beyond the great barrier of the Himalaya, gives an enthralling insight into life in a land that has yet to be fully explored.

THERE is good reason why the Eastern Himalaya is the least known section of the range. The heavy rainfall, impenetrable jungle, and unreliable tribes, people with a keen dislike of strangers, make good defences. The peaks which a little farther west, in Sikkim, attain their maximum elevation, here sink down to a mere 22,000 ft.; but the passes into Tibet are high. Curious to know what lay on the southern slopes of those gleaming mountains which stretch right across the northern horizon of Assam; and still more to peep behind them, I followed my Naga Hills expedition with a suddenly determined effort northwards into Tibet. Wangia, king of the Sherehokpa tribe welcomed me, and in his territory I made contact with a holy monk, Pemba, of Tawang, on whom much depended. With him I proceeded over high forested ranges and across deep warm valleys for several days. Then Pemba went his way, having first given me permission to proceed alone.

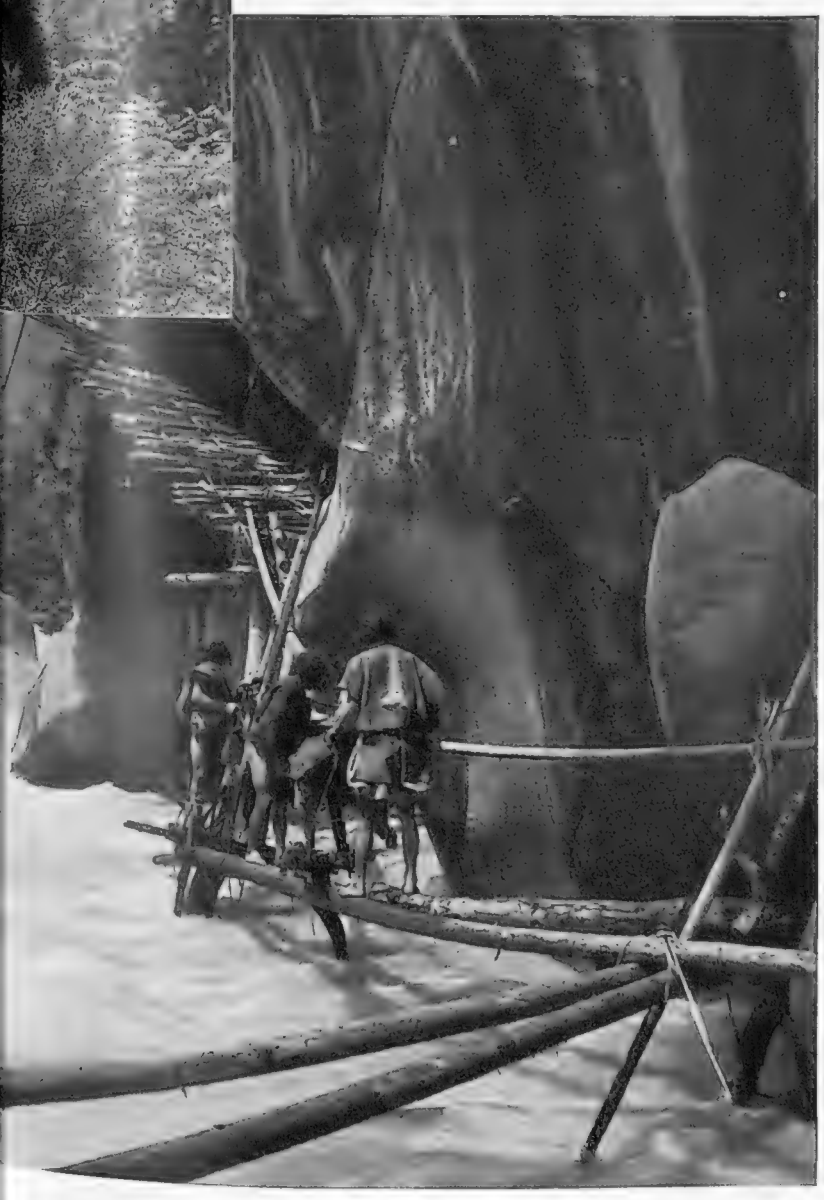
THE DZONGPÖN OF SANGA CHÖLING: A local ruler of one of the districts through which Captain Kingdon-Ward passed and from whom he obtained permission to visit the sacred hill of Tsari

To a salute of thunder and lightning we crossed the main Himalaya by the Pen-la, over 17,000 ft. above sea-level, and found the treeless plateau steeped in sunshine. Three days later I reached Chayul Dzong, on the Loro river; it is a swift, muddy river, rushing over a rocky bed more than 11,000 ft. above sea-level. Here I called on the dzongpön and obtained permission to visit Sanga Chöling, over the next range. A long march down the Subansiri brought me to Trön, the last Tibetan village, where the path ends; thence the Subansiri buries itself in a green hell haunted by bellicose Daflas. Trön is a penal settlement for the criminal classes. On the edge of a cliff overlooking the river stands a square stone tower, entered by a low door. The inside is in semi-darkness. Presently I made out two square flagstones with iron rings let into them. Lifting one a dungeon 12 ft. high and 8 ft. square was revealed in the solid rock.

In two days we crossed the first range at over 16,000 ft., descending to another river; whence an easy march up the valley brought us to Sanga Chöling. Dramatically the monastery burst into view. I was astonished at its magnificence, clapped under the eaves of the mountain like a swallow's nest. Here is no barbaric splendour, but a dignity of line and restraint of colour altogether admirable. Tibetan architecture might be described as rectilinear, though no wall or tower is ever perpendicular; if it were it would not stand up. There was more life here. I made friends with the dzongpön, Tsering by name, and sat cross-legged in his room, drinking fiery spirit from a priceless jade bowl, which his pretty daughter refilled to the brim every time I took a sip. Sanga Chöling is the holy see, the starting point for the pilgrimage round the sacred mountain of Tsari (the "green" hill). Having obtained permission to visit Tsari and thereby acquire merit, we turned north again, and two days later crossed the next range at 17,000 feet, and descended to Chickchar, which lives on the pilgrim traffic and contains almost as many monasteries as houses. So holy is it that the brilliant Harman's pheasants strut out from cover every morning and squawk defiance to all and sundry in the village street! The country is quite unexplored, but crossing another high pass, we came unexpectedly to a large river which we followed for two days. Presently we reached a village and learnt that the dzongpön was in residence. Quarters were provided for me in the dzong, which was badly out of repair; and in due course the dzongpön called on me. He was a scholarly looking man with the sedate air of a Harley Street specialist, and the horn-rimmed spectacles and urbanity of an American journalist. He wanted to know whether my intentions were strictly honourable, and when I assured him I was a harmless English botanist, he let me pass. Before I departed next morning, he asked me to spare him a cake of soap, and also to carry a letter for him to the magistrate at Tsela Dzong.

A NEW SPECIES: Powder-puff flowers blooming in the vicinity of the sacred lake at Tsari

I had not really intended to go to Tsela Dzong, thinking when I reached the Tsangpo, to return by another route to Chayul. It was a chilled and bedraggled party which reached the village beyond the next pass, on a considerable river. The headman's room in the house where I slept that night was like an old curiosity shop: the walls decorated with swords made in Kongbe, bows and arrows, guns, saddles, harness, and other sporting requisites; but especially armaments, even if obsolete. A ten hours' march down the forested gorge of the Lilung river brought us at last to the Tsangpo (or Brahmaputra).



We made slow progress, for villages are frequent, and custom decrees that a traveller hiring transport shall only be taken as far as the next village, whether this be four days' or half-an-hour's journey away. The mares, too, had foaled, and the silly foals, following their dams, greatly impeded our little caravan.

However, we were able to cross the Tsangpo and shortly afterwards reached Tsela Dzong, at the Gyamda River confluence. The dzongpön, a rather slipshod person, but nice mannered, made me welcome, had quarters prepared, and sent me a ripe leg of mutton. He came to see me every day of my stay, and finished my gin; but he always brought me eggs which were past their best. I gave him calomel.

When I left Tsela Dzong my objective was the great snowy range I had seen far away to the north in 1924. If I could find it I would change the map of south-eastern Tibet! It must be near Tongkyuk, that much I knew.

We crossed the Temo pass, 14,000 feet high, and descended into the dark forests of Pome, a strange contrast to the plateau we had left behind. Strings of red-robed pilgrims on their way to holy Lhasa were crossing the pass as we approached it from the west. They carried packs in bamboo frames on their backs, and spoke the strange guttural speech of Eastern Tibet. So we came down into flower girt valleys, while northwards the mysterious range again rose into view. Eagerly I pressed on, through meadows quick with colour, beneath the hanging glaciers of Gyala Peri, and into the fragrant pine forest above Tongkyuk. The tips of the snow peaks sank from sight, like setting stars, as we approached the gorge of the Tongkyuk river. One afternoon there appeared two men at my side; they carried coils of rope, and greeted me gravely. So we clambered down to the river, and I knew then what the rope was for. Two years ago the Tongkyuk river had reared like an angry snake to an incredible height. A 30-ft. wall of

MONBA WOMEN AT MAGO: Members of a peasant population that subsists largely on its flocks and herds. There is no cultivation of the soil there

water had swept down the gorge carrying away bridges, trees, and rocks, like so much junk. We were in a devastated area, looking across the river once more within bounds. But timber bridges are not built in a day in Tibet, and so a temporary bridge had been erected. But I was surprised to see a crowd of men on the far bank, and amongst them one in a plum-coloured silk vest. They told me it was the dzongpön, whereat I was puzzled. It is unusual for a dzongpön to come out to meet a foreigner, unless the latter is paying a ceremonial visit. My baggage was being hauled across the rope bridge; as each box was landed a coolie carried it off to the dzong.

Next I was hauled across the rope and released, after a brief but agonising journey. I stepped down and was about to salute the gentleman in the plum-coloured tunic, when I heard the military click of heels behind me, and a suave voice said "Salaam, Sahib." I spun round. A burly well-knit man with a florid face, twinkling eyes and a kindly expression in ill-fitting khaki uniform was saluting me. It was the dzongpön. I returned his salute, and thanked my stars I had not greeted his clerk effusively. We walked up the stripped valley to the dzong together; the village built on solid rock 200 feet above the river had easily survived the flood. I was given a pleasant room, the military dzongpön changed into civilian attire and an excuse was made for asking

(*Continued on page* 436)

GUARD

A Series
Fumes

GAS MASK PARADE

(I)—The Air Raid Precautions Department of the Home Office advises all householders to get a room ready and make it a safe retreat for the family in the event of an air raid. A dining-room such as this would serve the purpose admirably and the pictures on these pages show how the work of transformation may be done cheaply

(II)—Here you see the same dining-room made gas-proof in a simple but effective manner, the windows, the fireplace, and the door (not visible) being covered with frames between which are stretched blankets. As the occupants would breathe the air of the room during the raid it is vital that the oxygen should not be wasted by anybody speaking

LET me say at once that the last thing the Government wants to do is to frighten the public or to make it war-minded. The fact remains, however, that while everybody hopes there will be no war, the authorities realise that London is more vulnerable to attack from the air than any other city in the world; and that if no preparations are made the results would be frightful. The official way to view the situation therefore is to treat the prescribed precautions against poison gas attacks as if you were taking out an insurance policy.

It was a year ago that the Air Raid Precautions Department was set up by the Home Office. During that period a number of handbooks have been issued to the public. Others are in course of preparation. Yesterday I held in my hand the only copy in existence of the draft of *The Householder's Handbook*, which is to give full advice for safeguarding the home against gas attacks, and of which 10,000,000 copies will be distributed free by September. This handbook stresses that every householder in the country ought to prepare a refuge room against gas attacks. For this purpose it tells you of twenty essential items. The first is large numbers of sheets of brown paper. The second is a large pot of paste to fix the former across the windows. A wireless set, a water bucket, a respirator, a first-aid box, tinned food in airtight containers, mattresses for further protection of the windows, sanitary arrangements, and drinks are among the most important.

Without raising controversial issues and avoiding all political references, the Home Office proposes that this document shall be the frankest and most comprehensive guide it is possible to produce. There are chapters on how to seal up windows. (Incidentally, it is very probable that an instructional film will be made to explain this chapter. This will be shown in every cinema in the country.) There is a chapter on what flat dwellers should do, as well as references to communal shelters which will have to be arranged. There is advice on how to choose your refuge room. It would appear that any room is suitable if it can be made airtight and is accessible. However, a room that looks out over a garden or on to soft ground rather than on to a street is preferable. A room opposite a blank wall is the next best. A cellar is first class providing that there is no danger of its being flooded.

Yes, the Government is intending to leave nothing to chance. Throughout the country local authorities are making out schemes for first-aid apparatus, squads to decontaminate the streets, rescue parties, fire services, and air raid wardens (responsible individuals who are to act as intelligence links and help the public. The British Legion has promised assistance in this direction). There is already a training school where suitable candidates are being taught decontamination work. They mostly come from the police and the fire brigade. It is situated at Falfield in Gloucestershire, and was opened on April 15. The course lasts a fortnight, and it is expected that 600 people will be trained there a year. This sounds perhaps rather meagre, but at least it is a start. Thousands of applications have been received from the public to go through this course, but there is no room for them. Staff lecturers are explaining all the latest precautions against gas to factory owners, with whom the Air Raid Precautions Department has got in touch through the Chambers of Commerce. All the docks are working out schemes against air raids. So are the gas, water, and electricity organisations. The Home Office is finding that local authorities are hot on the job, with the exception of eight Socialist boroughs. Only one in London refuses to be helpful. This is Battersea.

In the last Estimates £500,000 was voted to the Air Raid Precautions Department. A great deal of this will go in provisional equipment, respirators, and protective clothing. Training equipment is already being issued, but the 30,000,000 gas masks which are regarded as necessary for the public have not yet been made. Production, however, is to start very soon. They will then be kept in store all over the country until the situation looks muddy, when they will be distributed at lightning speed. The reason why they are not being issued at once is because they might deteriorate in homes.

On the whole, the reaction of the public is quite good, so they tell me at the Home Office. Mussolini's activities in Abyssinia have had an excellent effect in making the

(III)—Sawing up the wooden battens which constitute the frames of the guards that must be made to fit the windows, door, and fireplace of the anti-gas room. The battens can be bought for a matter of 6d. a piece at any timber yard

(IV)—The four corners of each frame are best joined together with angle pieces which are sold for about 3d. each at nearly all ironmongers and department stores. Here again the would-be defender of his home is put to no great expense in achieving his object

(V)—A door guard nearly completed. Over the frame is fitted an ordinary household blanket, and at the sides and top a margin of 2 or 3 ins. should be allowed for overlapping. At the bottom, however, the margin must be greater

VI—When the blanket has been tacked to the wood the guard is almost ready for use, and can be stored until an air raid warning is given. It should then be instantly taken to the garden and saturated with water before being clamped to the door

AIR-RAID CLASS: Anti-gas instruction at the Crayford (Kent) division of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. Only one of many centres in the country that devote their time to this all-important work

ING THE HOME AGAINST GAS

of Pictures Showing How to Prepare a Room where the Deadly Emitted by Raiding 'Planes Could be Successfully Kept at Bay

Girl employees of a London factory who receive instruction in the use of anti-gas apparatus

By CHARLES GRAVES

public poison-gas conscious. Actually the golden rain, as Haile Selassie called it, is no new invention of the Italian chemists. It is a rather inferior kind of mustard gas, which is one of the consolations in a situation which is somewhat alarming, however you view it. There is not an indefinite number of poison gases usable in warfare and they are all known to the authorities. Nevertheless, the Home Office points out that in the event of a raid by hostile aircraft loaded with poison-gas bombs, it is essential to keep out of the streets and to get into your gas-proof room, with your respirator as your second line of defence.

It is hoped that by the end of the year there will be 500,000 men trained in anti-gas precautions. At least half of these will be served out with some kind of protective clothing. In the great war a section of the public rushed into the Underground Railway stations for protection. The Air Raid Precautions Department has decided that this is not to happen in the event of another war. In any event the Tube system might prove a death trap in the event of poison gas dropped on a large scale. There is only one absolutely safe shelter at present in existence in this country. It is the Mersey Tunnel. It is absolutely bomb proof, and with its ventilation system it can create a positive pressure of air which would prevent any question of an indraught of poison gas.

Let us now investigate the existing regulations for anti-gas precautions. It is the Stationery Office's best seller, 75,000 copies having been sold within a few weeks. It was written primarily for those who in a war emergency would be engaged on first aid services for the civil population, especially members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, the St. Andrew's Ambulance Association, and the British Red Cross Society, all of whom might be required to carry out their duties in circumstances where toxic gases were a normal part of the dangers to be faced.

Poison gas it points out can be divided into two classes, non-persistent and persistent. The former variety creates clouds of gas or smoke which drift along with the wind, gradually become mixed with larger quantities of air, and thus become decreasingly dangerous. Persistent gases are liquids which evaporate slowly. The vapour so formed mixes with the air and its effect will continue in the vicinity of the liquid until the latter has evaporated or until steps have been taken to render it ineffective. In the case of mustard gas, contact with the contaminated ground will give rise to skin burns. Even walking over contaminated ground is dangerous.

In addition to this main division of poison gases, one must classify four sub-sections. These are choking gas, nose gas, tear gas, and blister gas. The first attacks the lungs, and will produce death if breathed in sufficiently large quantities. The second produces intense pain in the nose and throat during exposure, but is not fatal. The third is an eye irritant, which causes intense smarting and a profuse flow of tears. Blister gas, of which mustard gas is the best-known example, causes intense irritation and/or burning of the skin. It also attacks the eyes and lungs, but as the symptoms are not immediately noticed the need for protection is often not appreciated until too late.

Whenever the presence of gas can be detected by the sense of smell or by the effect on the eyes or throat, a respirator must always be worn, and must not be removed until the wearer has assured himself that no gas is present. This he does by inserting the fingers between the face-piece and the cheek and then sniffing. If, so the handbook says, these simple but fundamental precautions are observed, the number of gas casualties would be reduced to a minimum. Let's hope so.

WAR WEAR: This demonstration of the correct procedure for the removal of protective clothing after use during a mustard gas attack was given by Captain E. C. Jervis, M.C., at a recent lecture to public bodies in Weymouth. The figure on the right is wearing a full protective suit, including an oilskin hood, and, following a raid, the whole outfit has to be removed for him, placed in a bin, and then "decontaminated." The need for such elaborate precautions is caused by the extreme virulence of the gas, which lingers in clothing and even in small quantities is capable of blistering the body severely

As to the protection of your anti-gas room, it is desirable to choose a room on the side of the house least exposed to the prevalent wind. All doors and windows throughout the house must be shut before retiring to the gas-protected room. The inside should be covered with materials such as oilcloth, linoleum, carpet, or blanket. The fireplace must be covered over. Even the keyhole should be stopped up.

The gas mask with which you will become familiar is the General Service respirator at present issued to the Navy, Army, and Air Force. It consists essentially of a container filled with material to filter or absorb the gas; a face-piece to cover the eyes, nose, and mouth; and a flexible tube to connect the face-piece to the container. The latter is a tinned iron box which contains activated charcoal for the absorption of gases such as mustard gas, and a filter composed of cellulose to prevent the passage of finely divided smokes like the arsenical gases. The face piece is made of rubber sheet and is shaped to fit closely. The gas-tightness being dependent upon the closeness of this fit, elastic bands are attached to the rubber and passed round the back of the head. The eye pieces are made of splinterless glass discs fitted into metal rims. A respirator is carried in a waterproof canvas haversack fitted with two compartments, one for the container and the other for the face-piece and anti-dimming outfit.

Members of the general public are, as I have pointed out, warned against leaving their houses when poison gas is about; but when it is absolutely necessary, they must be protected by some form of clothing which the gas cannot penetrate. The best material for resisting the penetration of liquid mustard gas is oilskin of the type used in the Navy. This is manufactured from various textile materials by treating these with linseed oil. It should be noted that the time taken by liquid mustard gas to penetrate this oilskin material in hot weather is about half the time taken in cold weather. The strongest oiled Wigan of which protective gloves are made can, when new, keep out liquid gas for at least four hours even in hot weather.

All told, there are 110 pages in the *Air Raid Precautions Handbook No. 2*, and there is no point in making our flesh creep by continuing with the further details of reception rooms for the wounded and so on. But it is useful to know the number of people who can safely remain in gas-protected rooms of certain sizes for periods up to twelve hours:

Size of room	Permissible occupants
10 ft. by 10 ft.	5
15 ft. by 10 ft.	7
20 ft. by 15 ft.	13
30 ft. by 15 ft.	20

It is to be observed that smoking cannot be allowed and that even speaking is to be deprecated.

Well, there you are. There is nothing like being prepared. In the past England has always "muddled through." That was before the days of poison gas, and you just can't muddle through poison gas.

VII—Assuming that a state of emergency has arisen, the householder takes his door frame from storage, saturates it with water, and affixes it to the door of the anti-gas room, taking care to tuck the overlapping portion at the bottom through the space between the floor and door

VIII—The fireplace guard, which is made in exactly the same fashion as that on the door, being placed in position. The total cost of rendering a room immune from gas is well under 30s., but, of course, this figure is governed to a very large extent by the number and size of the windows

BIG CRAFT AND LITTLE CRAFT: *Left*—The "Tipsy," one of Britain's lightest civil aeroplanes which was recently demonstrated at Hayes, Middlesex. It has a cruising speed of 70 m.p.h., and weighs 286 lbs. *Right*—A giant Heyford bomber dwarfing a "Flying Flea" at the Empire Air Display at Hornchurch R.A.F. station. The latter type has been in disgrace of recent months owing to the unfortunate number of accidents in which owner-builders have been involved

AIRPORTS FOR OUR CITIES

The Problem of Finding Suitable Sites Puzzles the Municipal Authorities

ONE of the problems which are exercising the minds of almost all municipalities is how best to cater for the growing needs of air transport. They realise that if air transport develops according to expectation, safe and well-equipped airports which the air lines can use both by day and night will be of the utmost importance to them. Unless they are so provided air transport will pass them by and take the traffic to rival towns which are better equipped.

Those municipalities which realised the need for airports and reserved sites early in the development of civil flying are fortunate, for to-day, with the spread of housing development round our large towns, it is increasingly difficult to find a suitable site. Some sites which a few years ago could have been acquired easily and comparatively cheaply are now built over. Others have been spoilt by industrial development with lofty buildings or high tension cables near their boundaries, and some have become excessively costly to acquire because of expected building development. The general effect has been to make it impossible to find an airport site really close to the town it is to serve. As a result the time taken over the ground journey to and from the airport to a large extent nullifies the speed which is the be-all and the end-all of air transport as a commercial proposition.

The distance of an airport from the place it serves is comparatively unimportant on long journeys such as those along the Empire routes but on short stages such as exist within the British Isles it is an all-important factor. Airports here average 3½ miles from the centres of the towns they serve and making allowance for the slow speed of a motor coach through built-up areas, for on and off loading the machine, and for its manœuvres on the ground before taking off and after landing, an average time of 65 minutes will be taken up on the ground. Suppose that the air journey be one of 100 miles and a modern machine capable of cruising at 160 m.p.h. is used the actual air journey will be completed in 37 minutes, but the fact that the ground journey of 3½ miles at each end has taken 65 minutes brings the speed down to only 58.8 m.p.h.

A first-class airport requires an area of about 200 acres, but control of a considerably larger area is necessary to prevent the erection of high buildings which may obstruct flying and render the airport unsafe in bad weather. The purchase, preparation, and equipment of such a site is very costly, and so is the running of the airport once it is established. Figures given in papers read by experts at the recent conference of the Aerodrome Owners' Association showed that a municipal airport may cost more than £100,000, and that the average cost of running a municipal airport is £5,500 per annum, and the average annual income only £250.

There is no indication that less space will be required for landing and taking off in the immediate future. Rather the area required has tended to increase and the general introduction of wireless fog landing devices, which must eventually come, may make still more space necessary. Sometimes airports established at great expense have had to be abandoned and new sites found and developed. Hull spent £50,000 on its airport, but is going to scrap it because it is too small. But, when considering the expenditure and the prospects of the airport earning its keep, Hull remembers its docks which cost a great deal of money and earned no profit for twenty years.

Many of our city fathers who were not born and bred in the air age wonder whither they are being led. Are they going to spend large sums of the ratepayers' money on elaborate airports only to be told a few years hence that they are too small? Why must such huge areas be needed for landing and taking off? They argue with the critical commonsense of the outsider that the job of the aeroplane designer is to produce machines which can land slowly and in a very short distance. In other words manufacturers must build machines to suit existing airports, must build them not only for greater payloads but for slow landing and quick take-off. Suppose municipalities spend much money on providing properly equipped first-class airports, will internal air traffic ever

(Continued on page 444)

THE IDEAL AIRPORT: A diagrammatic drawing specially made for "The Sphere" by D. Macpherson suggesting the best possible layout for a municipal flying field. Owing to building development there are not a great many suitable sites in our provincial towns and cities, but C. D. Palmer in the accompanying article suggests that the aerodrome should be surrounded by recreation grounds or allotments in order to give machines a greater margin of safety when coming down or taking off. Good road communication with the heart of the city is another essential if passengers' time is not to be wasted

JOINING-UP IN JAPAN

Raw Recruits Flock to the Colours, Wearing Festival Attire and Accompanied by Their Relatives

AT THE SERVICE OF THEIR EMPEROR: New recruits to the Japanese army lined up in a square, with the recruiting depot, a modern-looking building, in the background. In honour of the occasion they don their best kimonos, which as a rule they wear only on festival days, and they are accompanied by relatives who come to wish them good luck

FROM KIMONO TO KHAKI: After undergoing a thorough medical inspection, almost as searching as that demanded of entrants to the British Army, the recruit takes off his kimono, and (*right*) is assisted by a colleague to put on the unfamiliar uniform. He is now ready to leave the Tokyo recruiting depot for the barracks where he will be trained

GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT: The younger brother of a recruit wraps up his mufti which he takes home with him. Most of the conscripts depicted here come from the peasant classes, and it is they who now form the bulk of Japan's fighting forces. This has been the case only since 1873, before which the Emperor's troops were drawn from the Samurai

A PEASANT FARMER AND HIS WARRIOR SONS: A father proudly accompanies the young recruits to the Tokyo military depot, where they exchange their picturesque national costume for the rather drab but coveted uniform of the Imperial forces

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE: A recruit (left) pictured on arrival at Tokyo station before joining up. With him are his elder and younger brothers, who carry flags boldly emblazoned with the recruit's name, his regimental number, and a good luck slogan

JAPAN MILITANT:

THE FINISHED PRODUCT: A camera study of a young officer; a typical product of the intensive training undergone to-day by members of Japan's fighting forces. At the moment the country has a huge standing army, consisting of 13,399 officers and 280,425 men. This is considered essential in view of the present tense situation in the Far East

THE EPITOME OF EFFICIENCY: A well-drilled squad of men seen on a Tokyo parade ground. The conscripts and the regulars are enlisted for varying periods of service, but in time of emergency all Japanese subjects must join the colours provided they are between 17 and 40

AN ECHO OF FEUDAL DAYS: Soldiers in the masks and breastplates which constitute the traditional Japanese war gear and which they wear for bayonet drill. Their weapons, however, are of wood and the purpose of the exercises is not only to fit them for hand to hand fighting but, as noted beneath the top right hand picture, to improve their muscular strength. The recruits get plenty of this training during their period of service

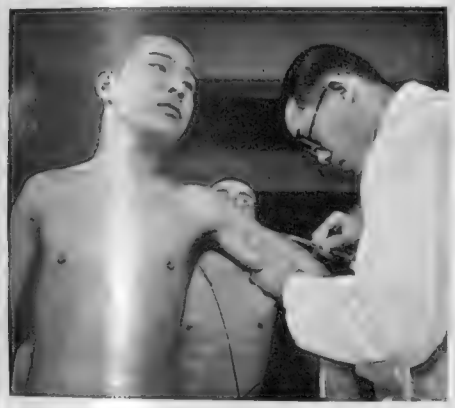
STEPPING OUT: A detachment of conscripts after a few

The Japanese Army as well as the Navy stands under the direct command of the Emperor. Parliament and the Ministry are not permitted to concern themselves with matters of strategy or organisation and all questions dealing with defence are

Some Glimpses of Life Among the Efficient Soldiers of Nippon

IN FULL MARCHING ORDER: A machine-gunner with his weapon shouldered

TRIAL OF STRENGTH: Brawny army gymnasts in a friendly tussle, the object being to pull the other man across the floor by sheer arm power. They gain purchase by standing toe to toe. The muscular development of these men is by no means exceptional for the army, although they appear to be as fit as professional boxers after a spell of intensive training. This is partly a result of constant bayonet practice with wooden weapons



VACCINATION: Members of detachments about to be drafted on foreign service in Manchukuo or elsewhere on the mainland are invariably all inoculated before departure

months on the barrack square

THE GUARDSMAN'S SWING: Another striking action picture on the parade ground

decided at the Imperial Court whence orders are conveyed directly to the various staffs. Only then has the Premier the right to make suggestions or treat of the subject in Parliament, and, except on rare occasions, he cannot hope to exercise any decisive influence or impose the will of the Government on the military or naval staffs. The first organisation of a regular army in Japan took place in the fourth year of the Meiji Government (1871), when the Samurai families of South Japan formed an Imperial bodyguard on European pattern.

THE NAVY EXERCISES ON SHIPS OF THE DESERT! Men of the Mediterranean Fleet, now at Alexandria, are being allowed shore leave from 7 a.m. to midnight in order to enable them to visit Cairo and the pyramids. Large parties make the trip three times a week, touring the sights by camel and donkey

The Strain on Destroyers

A Circumstance that is Adding to Naval Expenditure

ALTHOUGH they have not been put to anything like the strain to which the earlier ships were subjected during the war, the British destroyers sent down to the Mediterranean in consequence of the Italian crisis have been worked pretty hard, and it is a very disquieting fact that many of the newest boats have cracked under the strain.

Considerable sums had to be spent on urgent repairs to the hulls of the latest ships after they had crossed the Bay of Biscay in weather that was admittedly bad but by no means extreme, certainly not so bad as destroyers must readily face in wartime if they are to carry out their functions in the British service. The damage was not vital but it was serious enough to be considered immediately and it made the ships terribly uncomfortable.

More disquieting still is the fact that the whole of the E class, commissioned only last year, had to be sent home before their time with boiler trouble. Their boilers are of the Admiralty three-drum water-tube type, nominally of the same general type as was fitted into several previous classes and which replaced the diverse types of water tube boilers which have been invented and improved by the various private firms — Thornycroft, Yarrow, White and others—which made the high-speed modern destroyer possible but which have latterly been abandoned in order to secure uniformity and interchangeability of the various parts, a very important consideration in wartime.

Various theories have been advanced to account for the troubles of these ships. It has been suggested that the material has been developed too far ahead of the training of the personnel. That would only apply to the boiler trouble and is not altogether likely to cover the E class, which were commissioned before the present appalling shortage of personnel although the Navy has suffered from that shortage to a considerable extent for several years past.

Most people consider it more likely that the Admiralty has cut down weights a little injudiciously, a great temptation in every type of modern man-of-war but especially so in destroyers.

This seems to be the logical explanation in view of the Admiralty's policy of practical homogeneity in class after class. At the end of the war a large number of destroyers were built with a displacement of 1,100 tons, 34 knots, and an armament of four 4-inch or 4.7-inch guns and six torpedo tubes.

After the war the destroyer fleet remaining after dozens had been sent to the scrappers was regarded as ample, although other navies were building up theirs very rapidly. After two experiments to special design supplied by the builders, destroyer construction was recommenced seriously under the 1927 estimates, and the principle was laid down that each annual programme should contain eight destroyers and one flotilla leader, differing only from the others in a certain amount of extra accommodation for the staff and administrative personnel of the flotilla. Except that it was cut down to four ships in the 1929 programme, which gives us an awkward half-flotilla which is difficult to fit in with the tactical organisation, this programme has been adhered to ever since.

The design was very carefully worked out and the very satisfactory A class built, launched in 1929 and 1930. On dimensions 312 ft. between perpendiculars, by 32 ft. 3 in., by a maximum draught of 12 ft., these ships have a displacement of 1,350 tons, engines of 34,000 s.h.p. designed for a speed of 35 knots, and an armament of four 4·7-in. guns, eight pompoms and machine guns against aircraft, and eight 21-in. torpedo tubes.

Since then successive classes have been laid down under each annual estimate, the B, C, D, E, F, G, and H classes, of which the biggest are 318 ft. between perpendiculars, by 33 ft. 3 in. beam, by 12 ft. maximum draught, giving a displacement of 1,375 tons, the s.h.p. 36,000, and the speed 35½ knots, with the same armament. Thus the fleet has sixty ships which are all practically sisters to the casual observer, a few with slight alterations to adapt them for minelaying, but the latest having their oil fuel capacity increased by about seventy-five tons.

As each type is tested at sea it is natural that many minor improvements are suggested and embodied wherever possible. Although each item is generally small in itself the aggregate weight mounts up and every hundredweight has to be carefully reckoned in destroyer design. Therefore the constructors are always working to save weight to compensate for these improvements wherever it is possible, and it is very easy to go over the narrow margin of safety allowed in such vessels.

It has happened many times before in the history of the Navy. When the torpedo-boat

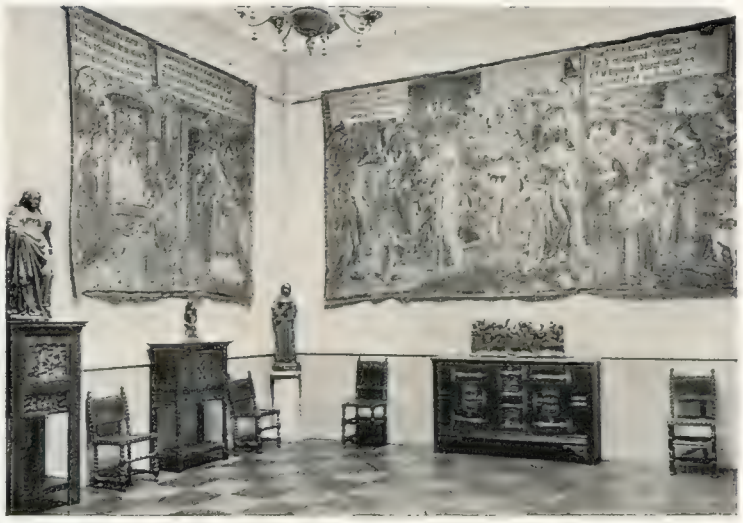
(*Continued on page* 444)

PLOUGHING THROUGH HEAVY SEAS OFF CROMARTY FIRTH: A British destroyer almost shrouded by the spray she sends up when travelling at speed. These craft, which do more open sea work than the destroyers of other navies of the world, are often subjected to severe strain, a fact commented upon by Frank C. Bowen, who in the accompanying article urges the pressing need for a more robust and reliable type

DESIREE CLARY, BY GERARD: The lady who, as wife of Marshal Bernadotte, was to become Queen of Sweden. One of the outstanding portraits in the new Marmottan Museum in Paris which belongs to the Institut de France and was formerly the private residence of Jules Marmottan and his son Paul, who transformed it into a veritable treasure house of the arts of the Renaissance and First Empire periods. On the latter's death he bequeathed the house and its contents to the nation, and to-day this interesting but as yet little-known museum in the Rue Louis-Boilly is one of the best kept and most interesting in the French capital. The galleries and rooms are spacious and well lit, and the discrimination with which the various objects have been arranged reflects high credit on the enthusiasm and knowledge of the curator, M. Hector Lefuel

TWO LITTLE-KNOWN PARIS MUSEUMS

I—The Marmottan



A CORNER OF THE RENAISSANCE GALLERY showing Flemish furniture and on the walls five of the eight panels of the rare sixteenth-century French tapestry illustrating the Biblical story of Susannah and the Elders.

"THE FOURTEEN INTERCESSORS": Close up of the fine wood haut-relief carving by a master of the sixteenth-century Franconian school, which is seen on the dresser in the top right hand picture on this page

TWO OF THE FIRST EMPIRE ROOMS which M. Paul Marmottan furnished at a time when this style had temporarily gone out of fashion. *Left*—Napoleon's bed from the Imperial Palace at Bordeaux, and chairs, executed by the Jacob Brothers, from the Château of Fontainebleau. The chandelier was once in the possession of Talleyrand. *Right*—These chairs originally came from the Château de Maisons (Maisons Laffitte), and the chandelier was formerly the property of Princess Pauline Borghese

Like the Musée Jacquemart-André, the former home of M. Paul Marmottan, in the rue Louis-Boilly, is a household of art treasures assiduously collected by an expert and connoisseur of refined taste who, wishing to preserve the many objets d'art which had for long been in the possession of the family, most graciously bequeathed the entire collection to the Institut de France. M. Paul Marmottan spent the greater part of his lifetime transforming the large house which he had inherited from his father, and which once belonged to the Duc de Valmy, into a veritable museum of the arts of the Renaissance and Premier Empire periods. M. Paul Marmottan himself did not, of course, collect both Renaissance and Empire art treasures; the undivided interest of one person in two such widely-differing periods of artistic production would be strange indeed. It was M. Jules Marmottan, his father, who brought together the many fine pieces of Renaissance wood carving, furniture, tapestries, and paintings. These were the primary element of the Marmottan Museum. Although he greatly appreciated the arts of the era that had so interested his father, Paul Marmottan professed a particular admiration for the equally eventful and artistic time of the Consulate and Empire periods. Despite the then fashionable disdain of the decorative art of the Empire period, Paul Marmottan remained a sincere admirer of the art of that time. With considerable confidence and insight he accumulated everything he could find of quality produced between the years 1795 and 1815—portraits, busts, chairs, beds, bureaux, commodes, clocks, chandeliers, chinaware, porcelain, panel-friezes, etc. Most of these objets d'art are unique pieces of outstanding historical interest from the Châteaux de Fontainebleau, de Maisons, and de Neuilly. They have been installed in fifteen different rooms

TWO LITTLE-KNOW

II—The Cognacq-Jay Galleries—A Treasure Hou

LADY-IN-WAITING TO MARIE ANTOINETTE: The portrait of Madame de Norenval by Jean Honoré Fragonard, the great painter whose work was so much in favour at the Court. One of the gems of the collection of pictures in the Cognacq-Jay Museum on the Boulevard des Capucines, right in the heart of the business and shopping centre of Paris

THE CALMADY CHILDREN, by SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE: A celebrated composition exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1824, towards the end of the artist's career

THE SECOND FLOOR SALON: One of the many beautiful rooms in the Cognacq-Jay Museum which occupies a wing of a fa us Paris departmental store. The wainscotting in this apartment origi lly came

ANTEROOM TO THE FIRST FLOOR SALON: A Louis XV chair upholstered in Beauvais tapestry and a Fragonard portrait hanging above

Few people are aware of the existence of the Cognacq-Jay Museum for the simple reason that as such it is situated in an unexpected quarter of the city—right in the heart of the business and shopping centre of Paris. Prominence, however, has now been given to this important little museum for alterations have recently been made to the street level entrance which make it significant to the passer-by. The museum takes its name from the donor Monsieur Ernest Cognacq, and his wife, née Jay. Monsieur Cognacq was the founder and owner of the great departmental store "La Samaritaine," which overlooks the River Seine just by the Pont Neuf. When the new branch (a luxury section) was opened on the Boulevard des Capucines, opposite the Café de la Paix and a stone's throw from the Opera, Monsieur Cognacq organised one or two small exhibitions of the paintings and drawings from his private collection in the new store. These shows met with such success that he decided to house his entire collection of eighteenth-century paintings, drawings, bronzes, porcelains, tapestries, furniture and "objets de vitrine" (which overcrowded his small house near the Bois de Boulogne) in a wing of the store where it might be conveniently visited by business

VN PARIS MUSEUMS

House in an Unexpected Quarter of the City

from the château of the Prince de Wagram and the Louis XVI bed in gilt wood has a silk bedspread that was formerly in the collection of Lord Lonsdale. The two Louis XV chairs are upholstered in Gobelin tapestry

"BALAAM'S ASS," by REMBRANDT: A picture signed and dated 1626, and representing the art of the Dutch master at the age of twenty. It is not by any means his earliest work, and belongs to a time when he was rapidly strengthening his command of drawing and of the use of oils

DECOR OF THE LOUIS XV–LOUIS XVI PERIODS: The first floor salon with panelling from the Château d'Eu and from the collection of the Orléans family. The furniture belongs to the 18th century and on the walls are pictures by Fragonard and Drouais

PORTRAIT BY JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE: Another of the museum's treasures illustrating the simplicity and sentimental beauty of the artist's style

men and connoisseurs alike. It was not his intention to build a palace to house his collection, or to rival other museums. In bequeathing his collection to the city of Paris he simply wished it preserved in the same state of intimacy as he himself had placed and enjoyed it for the appreciation of the public. This museum has an entrance giving directly on to the thronged and noisy thoroughfare of the Grands Boulevards. It is situated next to a tobacconist and one of the well-known Parisian bars, "The Hole in the Wall." How many, I wonder, of the foreign visitors, or Parisians, for that matter, who spend much of their time sitting on the terrace of the Café de la Paix realise that they have but to cross the street and enter No. 25, Boulevard des Capucines to find themselves in a charming eighteenth-century interior! Once inside this museum one quickly forgets the bustle and hurry of the boulevards outside. The distinctive characteristic of the museum is its intimate atmosphere far removed from the museology of the picture gallery. One is induced to forget the present twentieth century when walking through these three floors of eighteenth-century rooms. The wood panelling, which dates from the time of Louis XV, is one of the outstanding features of the museum. One set, made for the Château d'Eu, was acquired in England; others originate from the estate of the Prince de Wagram. One or two of the rooms are painted white or grey, but most are left in the original oak. This presents a pleasing setting for the well-chosen eighteenth-century furniture and paintings

A. W.

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STARS *in their* COURSES

Three Personalities of the Silver Screen

MARY ELLIS AT HOME: The American-born actress, who has won such popularity on this side of the Atlantic, beside the swimming pool of the beach house at Santa Monica, California, which she rents from Norma Talmadge. An exclusive picture sent to "The Sphere" at the request of Miss Ellis. *On right*—A still from her new film, *Fatal Lady*, which has yet to be released. Paramount are confident, however, that it will prove an outstanding success

BLONDE LOVELINESS: Marcelle Chantal (Mrs. Jefferson Cohn), star of the French film, *La Gondole aux Chimères*, based on Maurice Dekobra's well-known novel of the same name. Many of the "shots" were made in Venice

THE SHIRLEY TEMPLE OF AUSTRIA: Liesl Obermayer, a Viennese juvenile player who bears quite a resemblance to the Hollywood prodigy, in an episode from the film version of *The White Horse Inn*—the musical comedy that had such a big success in London a few years back. A great future is predicted for her

CURRENT DRAMA:

Reviewed by Philip Page

"THE SEAGULL": Constantin (Stephen Haggard) shoots the seagull and gives it to Nina (Peggy Ashcroft) who pities it, unaware that its fate typifies hers. A scene from Tchehov's masterpiece which has been produced by Komisarjevsky at the New Theatre with an all-star cast. It represents, says Philip Page, a definite attempt to put the famous Russian author on the popularity map. *On right*—Trigorin (John Gielgud), the middle-aged novelist, is fascinated by the youth, beauty, and enthusiasm of Nina

THE green-eyed monster of jealousy enters largely into *Green Waters*, a a Caledonian, stern, and rather wild play at the Vaudeville Theatre.

In that cottage on the west coast of Scotland, through the windows of which one could see the Atlantic (very green), was a youth called Michael, who wore a fisherman's jersey, played classical music on the piano, and was in a bad temper with most people except his half-brother's wife, with whom he was in love, and a young boy, his whole brother, on whom he lavished a sort of maternal devotion, massaging his back, and reading serious literature at him.

But Michael, who was born out of wedlock, was jealous of his half-brother who had no such handicap; which was not his fault, and he hated him because he was a pompous and offensive young man, which was. Still more bitterly did he hate his father, who struck me as being the most pleasant person in the play, even if he had sown his Caledonian wild oats. Lots of people in the village hated each other, and feuds went on, the little boy being accidentally killed during some fighting. This, for some reason which I could not fathom, reconciled Michael to his father. Perhaps he considered, wisely, that hatred had gone far enough.

Mr. Max Catto has written a strange play yet a curiously effective one. It has many faults, one of them being that the author takes an unconscionable time to let us know what he is driving at. If he had, as it were, let the Catto out of the bag sooner and not taken up most of the first act with idle chatter about mutton and whisky and Heaven knows what else, expressed with "pawky" humour in accents not easy to understand by the non-Scot, *Green Waters* would be improved. Even so, it is on a high level, and when the drama does develop it is powerful, tense, and agreeably exciting.

To Mr. Henry Oscar's production it owes much. Mr. Sebastian Shaw made Michael sympathetic without much help from the author, for he is more of a prig than his half-brother, who is intentionally drawn as one. His reasons for hating his father, beautifully played by Mr. Morland Graham, have already been explained; no one else surely could have hated that nice old man. Miss Marie Ault and Mr. Wilfrid Walter (rubicund, gigantic, and stentorian) supplied a scene of "comic relief," and Miss Gillian Lind prettily devoted herself to a somewhat indefinite love affair.

"My Son's my Son—."—North, but not quite so far north, is D. H. Lawrence's *My Son's my Son*— at the Playhouse. The history of this play is that a couple of acts, complete, were found among the late Mr. Lawrence's papers, together with a third act in a rough state. This act has been completed by Mr. Walter Greenwood who, having written *Love on the Dole*, is acquainted with the atmosphere, that of a mining village.

That the whole play appeared to me to be, generally speaking, in a rough state does not diminish its interest, in spite of a thin second act in which the most significant figure is not seen at all. For here we find an old friend — the "matriarch." This time she does not rule over a Jewish family but over her working-men sons in the "Black Country." Those sons are not so wholly dominated that they do not indulge in melodramatic action, inevitably sordid, on their own account. Luther is married unhappily, becomes the father of an illegitimate child, gets drunk, and taunts his wife with his infidelities. His mother despises him because she thinks him weak, and she detests his wife. Eventually the married couple are reconciled. Luther's brother, crippled in a strike in which fighting had occurred, remains in that grim home to be tended by that grim mother. I hope he enjoyed it.

Lawrence's stark and formidable realism in dialogue gives the play its force, and his many admirers will welcome it as a typical product. Spades are called shovels with many a more lurid adjective than b——y. If Lawrence in all his work was inclined to mistake the knack of being shocking for the art of being powerfully moving, he has shown here that he had, none the less, a natural command of the stage without troubling about its technique. A surer technician would never have allowed us to lose sight of the old mother for a whole act—and he would have been right.

Miss Louise Hampton's methods are quiet; she is no raging harridan of a despot. But she never failed in her effects as the mother. Mr. Gyles Isham and Mr. Valentine Dyall were her sons—good lads both.

"Sonata."—The most prominent figure in *Sonata*, a musically sentimental play by Miss Evelyn Millard (who is not, I gather, the well-known actress of that name), produced at the Cambridge Theatre, is an elderly German professor with a heart of gold, with much knowledge of music, and with no knowledge whatever of worldly affairs. I have met him in a score or more of plays ever since I have been going to the theatre at all. He may even exist in real life; with a fairly extensive knowledge of musical people, I have never met him, or anyone like him.

That admirable actor, Mr. Charles V. France, faced with tackling a character of the stage stagey, did his excellent best and presented us with a clever composite portrait of the Abbé Liszt, the late August Van Biene in *The Broken Melody*, and Little Nell's grandfather.

His favourite pupil, an about-to-be-world-famous violinist, had been the apple of his eye but dotted him one in it when the old man spoke disparagingly of the blonde alleged to be ruining the youth's musical career. Although due to play a concerto before an eagerly expectant audience in a few minutes, the youth dashed off to America with the blonde (who was rich) instead. The old man mourned him. So did the old man's niece, who loved him sensibly and unselfishly and was not a blonde. And in the final scene he came back, shivering and penniless and ragged. Without waiting to make an explanation or even to drink a cup of tea, he took up his violin and played a bit of the Kreutzer Sonata (with Mr. France "at the piano") and the curtain fell.

The familiar yarn is told well, though it might, perhaps, have been told more slickly. Mr. Terence de Marney did not convince me that he was particularly sincere about either music or love-making, but it was not an easy part. Miss Stella Bonheur (blonde vamp) was fairly good in the first act and extremely good in the next. Mouse-like devotion, combined with temperament, was well expressed by Miss Vera Lennox.

"Louise."—There is a tendency, I find, to regard Charpentier's *Louise*, revived at Covent Garden after several years, as a "period" piece and little more than an interesting curiosity, despite the fact that 1900, the

THE GLITTERING ARCADINA: Edith Evans as the actress in Tchehov's *The Seagull* at the New Theatre. The play, which is possessed perhaps of more unrelieved gloom than *The Cherry Orchard*, typifies Tchehov's technique which led him to eschew principal roles and put on the stage a number of characters of equal importance forming a composite whole. His style is the antithesis of theatricalism, but in this piece interest never flags

"Green Waters"—A Play with a Scottish Background at the Vaudeville: Lawrence's Stark and Formidable Realism in "My Son's My Son" at the Playhouse

year of its first production, is not so very far distant. That is probably because Louise herself and other girls in the company were dressed in the fashion of 1900. Surely a mistake. *Louise* (the composer is still alive) is essentially a modern opera, though the young woman of to-day, in almost any country, would certainly not make such a pother over leaving her parents to live "in sin" with the man she loved.

Why not dress Louise in the mode of 1936, particularly since Mlle Delprat, who appeared in that rôle, is slim and pretty, as well as an uncommonly good singer? Dresses of a century ago are sufficiently distant to look picturesque; those of thirty or forty years ago merely look odd and dowdy.

For the rest, *Louise* is a moving and most human play of Paris, illustrated by music that is always picturesque and often beautiful. There is rather a lot of repetition in it, and some of the sparkle and swing was obscured because Dr. Malcolm Sargent, who secured on the whole a careful and thoroughly musical

COMEDY AT THE AMBASSADORS: Cyril Cusack, as the poetically and politically inclined young lover, and Sheiah Richards in *Ah! Wilderness*, Eugene O'Neill's diverting play which has quite clearly come to the West End for a long stay. Its first European production was at the famous Dublin Gate Theatre some time ago

A VICTIM OF THE DEPRESSION: Herbert Holly (Robertson Hare) the dental surgeon, finds business slack so experiments on his housekeeper (Sylvia Coleridge). One of many uproarious moments in *Aren't Men Beasts*, the very successful farce which Leslie Henson is staging at the Strand. Alfred Drayton is also in the cast

performance, took certain passages rather too deliberately. In spite of "cuts"—the father's song in Act I was one of these—the curtain did not fall until nearly midnight, though the start was at 7.30.

But the musical themes are much better than certain people seem to give them credit for, and the orchestration is brilliant. One colleague told me in an interval that he thought the themes "lousy" and the orchestration dull. Since he confessed that he had never seen *Louise* before, was not seeing much of this performance, and was under the impression that it was composed by Chabrier, we need not worry much about that.

Julien, M. Verdière, was good in Act I, but his voice did not stay the course. M. Bouillez made a lovable father. The general production was efficient, even if the French of some of the English members of the cast was on the quaint

(Continued on p. 444)

"STILL LIFE": Evelyn Grey, Noel Coward, and Gertrude Lawrence in the ninth and last of the series of short plays which make up the programme of *To-night at 8.30* at the Phœnix. During Miss Lawrence's recent indisposition the show was closed down, but it is now playing to packed houses again and is already past its century of performances. The nine playlets, which are presented in groups of three, are *Hands Across the Sea*, *The Astonished Heart*, *Red Peppers*, *Family Album*, *Fumed Oak*, *Shadow Play*, *We Were Dancing*, *Ways and Means*, which entered the programme on May 5 and is described as a comedy in three scenes, and *Still Life*

THE VOICE OF THE CENTURY: This seems to be the generally accepted verdict on Kirsten Flagstad, the new prima donna who has come to Covent Garden from Norway, via the Metropolitan, New York. "She has youth and comeliness in her favour," says our dramatic critic, "and I have never heard the part of Isolde sung quite so magnificently"

THE PLOUGHING COMPETITION: The winning entrant at the annual Agricultural Show at Kohat, a frontier township near Peshawar and the centre of a district notorious for tribal disturbances

Swords Into Ploughshares

The Agricultural Show as a Means of Educating Savage Frontier Tribesmen

THE North-West Frontier Province is probably the most murderous area bordering on the civilised world. The figure here is 260 murders per 1,000,000 of population against three per 1,000,000 in Great Britain.

A campaign hitherto unchronicled is proceeding in the North-West Frontier, a campaign against the murder cult. Hitherto there has been no public opinion to support the police in their direct frontal attack; but now their efforts are being supplemented by a movement to cut out the main stronghold of the enemy, that indifference and lack of public spirit which after seventy years of British rule acquiesces in the blood feud, seeing nothing damnable in the crime of the midnight assassin, and condemns not the murderer but only his occasional inability to cheat justice. In this movement all are being made to bear their part—pedagogue, politician, preacher, pamphleteer, Press, and wireless. But one of the main instruments in this movement is the Agricultural Show, such as that from which I have just returned at Kohat, a small frontier township, near Peshawar; for, if your object is to teach the Pathan the preferability of the ploughshare to the sword, it is obvious that the very best kind of ploughshare is the most likely to appeal to his sturdy common sense.

The Montford Reforms have succeeded in their professed object of stirring the peasant out of that placid contentment which Mr. Montagu found so pathetic; to the new political ideas—unless they are to be merely dangerous—some practical ideas of social and economic betterment are a necessary corollary.

Uplift apart, one of the great uses of such shows is that they bring some interest and amusement into the drab monotony of Indian rural life. The Kohat organisers well understood *miscere seria ludo:* useful (because simple) lectures on subjects such as practical agriculture, rural economy, bee-keeping, hygiene, were intermixed with "dramas"—illustrating the defects of village life and their remedy—performed with zest by Rover Scouts: and an all-pervading jam, coating the whole, was all the fun of the fair, camel races, tent-pegging, conjurors, games, ploughing matches.

The value of such shows has been formally attested by the Commission presided over by Lord Linlithgow, but here is a local tribute, thrust into my hand on a printed slip as I left the Show. It was headed "A Poetry."

A OLD PATHAN WITH HIS HAWKS which he entered in one of the competitions at Kohat Agricultural Show. This annual gathering is playing a vital part in the work of creating order in this part of the North-West frontier where a campaign is now being conducted by the British authorities to make the tribesmen take a greater interest in agricultural pursuits

"A POETRY."

Our thanks are due
Major X to you
For restart of the show
For ages it will go.

This will improve
village life
And save the strife
A great seed you have
sown
Fruit will be marvellous
when grown.

One drives goat—ram
others bring
Some send their oxen—
other cows and string.
The potter is busy with
pot and jar
Border and police with
tug of war.

Village uplift and
children's gay,
Small girls work and
Scouts in play
Fire display and the
sweepers run
Camels race is the
superlative fun.

Prize will be paid in
order they stand
All we admit the show is
grand
Credit is due Mrs. X to
thee
Reward you will get
from Al-Migh-ty.
(sic)

Anthony James

A SCIENTIST'S DREAM COMES TRUE: Part of the equipment at the Liverpool, Nova Scotia, plant which is now giving a weekly output of 20,000 lb. of yeast made from wood pulp

Trees Into Yeast

A New Use for Canada's Lumber

CANADA'S vast forests are becoming more useful each year. Besides lumber, science has found trees useful for the manufacture of paper, rayon, transparent wrapping, to name a few of the better known articles made by means of chemical processes from trees. Now yeast has been added to the list, with the successful operation for some months of a plant to make yeast from the waste left after manufacturing paper from trees. At Liverpool, Nova Scotia, is the first plant to make yeast from waste liquid of a paper mill. Its weekly output of yeast is now 20,000 lbs. Canada uses 12,000,000 lbs. of yeast a year, the United States 300,000,000 lbs.

The Liverpool plant is the first of three to be built in the Dominion. One is now planned for early opening near Toronto, and a third a little later at Vancouver. From those three plants the British Empire is to be supplied with yeast made from waste sulphite liquor. In addition individual paper mills may be licensed to make yeast under the patents. Although there is enough liquid available at Canadian paper mills to also supply the United States market, plants are to be built at American mills rather on lines of the branch factory system to make yeast for the United States, the main reason being the high duty on yeast imported into the United States.

It has long been a dream of scientists to utilize the sugar contained in wood. After the chemical process of making paper from wood, there is left a small percentage of sugar in the blackish liquor that was once a tree. This liquid is usually dumped into rivers and lakes, and explains why fishing is not so good around pulp mills.

Early attempts to take the sugar from the liquor were made in 1912 by the American scientist O. W. Wilcox. During the war substitute searching German chemists tried to find a method. In 1925 the Swedish chemist G. Heijkensjold succeeded. He has built the Liverpool plant in Canada.

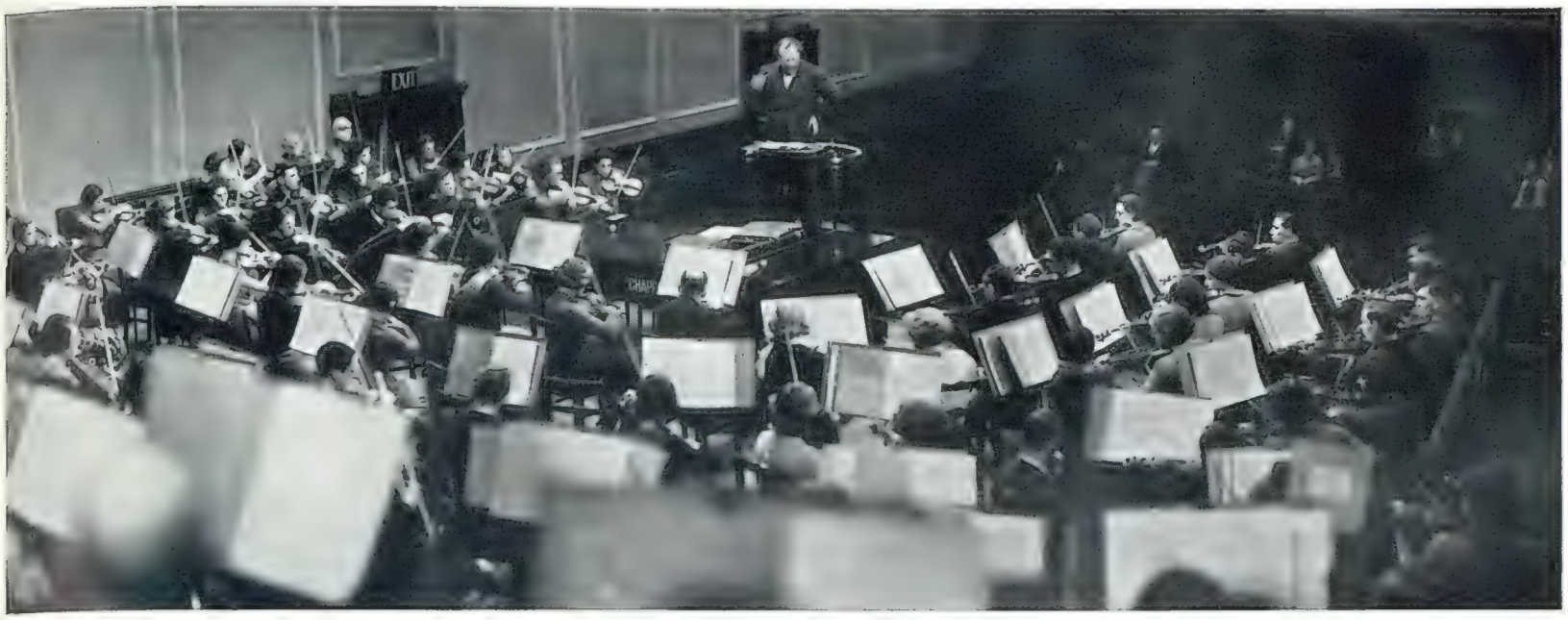
With the vast quantities of sulphite liquid from Canadian pulp and paper mills, till now only used to pollute bodies of water, the new process can make more than enough yeast for bakers throughout the British Empire. This first product from waste liquid may be the forerunner of more such by-products, as Canada annually has 500,000 tons of waste liquid.

James Montagnes

THE RESEARCH DEPARTMENT: Looking through the windows of the laboratory attached to the yeast producing factory at Liverpool, Nova Scotia. Two more plants are also to be built in Canada, one in Toronto, and the other in Vancouver, B.C., while similar plans are being projected in the United States

A VISIT TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Sir Henry Wood, Indefatigable Conductor of "Proms," Training Orchestral Students



AT THE FEET OF THE MASTER: Students of the Royal Academy of Music, York Gate, receiving instruction in orchestral playing from Sir Henry Wood, himself a past student of the institution, who prepares them for their terminal concert in Queen's Hall. Each pupil is pursuing the study of a particular instrument, receiving private lessons with the professors, but they meet together to work under Sir Henry on Tuesday and Friday afternoons from 2 to 5 p.m.

VIOLINISTS IN THE MAKING: Pupils, and potential stars of the concert platform, pictured during one of the two weekly lessons under Sir Henry Wood

Above and below — SIR HENRY IN ACTION: Two striking studies of the great conductor who has done so much for the cause of music in England

THE 'CELLISTS: Players of the heavier stringed instruments seen together on the platform in the Duke's Hall of the Royal Academy

The Royal Academy of Music, one phase of the work of which is shown in the accompanying pictures specially taken for "The Sphere" by William Davis, was founded in 1823 by Lord Burghersh (later Earl of Westmorland) who had a distinguished military career and at the same time was a musician of considerable reputation, being known as the composer of several operas. The Academy received a charter in 1830, but had a chequered existence till 1868 when it was assured an annual grant by Government. To-day it is a flourishing institution, teaching all branches of music and offering many scholarships

BLOSSOM TIME IN ENGLAND : The Beauties of the Countryside as Spring Turns to Summer

SPRING GLORY

A May tree in full bloom in one of the London parks which are now a blaze of brilliant colour

BLUEBELLS in BUCKINGHAM

A wood near Great Hampden adorned with a glorious carpet of blue

FLORAL DANCE

The shimmering wild parsley grows everywhere, by brook and road, and as in this view along the windy shore

Shepherding late lambs and their parents to the fold—a delightful scene in a Suffolk byway near Ipswich

THE WOODLAND LANE

IN NATURE'S CATHEDRAL

Gathering bluebells in a Cornish wood, and (*right*) blossom at its loveliest on a Suffolk main road

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

"Mrs. Astor's Horse" Reveals Some of the More Ebullient Extravagances of the American Scene : A. F. Tschiffely Leaves the Wild Tracks of the Andes for the Bridle-paths of England

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

MR. Stanley Walker is a distinguished American journalist who was once city editor of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, went on to one of the tabloid papers to see what it was all about, and is now on the staff of the *New Yorker*. He has compiled a book with the arresting title of **MRS. ASTOR'S HORSE** (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.). It has practically nothing to do with Mrs. Astor, nor anything to do with her horse. The title, in fact, comes from an illuminating chapter on the different sets of American social leaders, in which occurs the statement that "the gilded, over-stuffed magnificence of Mrs. Astor led the peasants to say of anyone who was rather ostentatiously dolled up: 'She is dressed up like Mrs. Astor's plush horse.'"

After all, *Mrs. Astor's Horse* is as good a title as any for a book which, in a series of plain statements, reveals some of the more ebullient extravagances of the American scene during the past few years. The author admirably states his object in a note in which he says that he has attempted to bring together "some of the more attractive examples of curiosa Americana, particularly in the field of the ornate and over-stuffed." Thus we proceed from a study of the Newport set to an account of what happened when the Morro Castle drifted, burning and blazing, with 137 dead, on to the shores of a New Jersey resort. On the first day 250,000 people flocked to see the "fun"; 150,000 picture post cards of the burning ship were sold during the first few days after the disaster.

We then examine the activities of Mr. James J. Walker, who made such a feature of civic welcomes to all sorts and conditions of people, from queens to a butcher's daughter who swam the Channel; and we discover, incidentally, that the apocryphal story of Mayor Hylan's wife who, answering the Queen of the Belgians, said: "Queen, you said a mouthful" is not true.

A chapter with the attractive title "When a Mug Dies," contains interesting facts and figures. For instance, Frankie Uale, one of the early gangsters, was buried in a silver coffin costing £3,000. His was one of the first of these splendiferous occasions; but the racketeer's record was held by a gentleman known as "Joe the Baker," whose funeral cost £8,000.

From this it is a short step to a study of one Samuel J. Burger (known as "The Cockroach King") who made a packet by signing up reprieved murderers and other notorious characters for the vaudeville halls. His last and neatest bit of business was the "featuring" of Dillinger's father and the rest of his family in a "personal appearance."

Then we have a picture of Mr. Edward J. Reilly, Hauptmann's defending counsel, who, during the trial, and while the jury were out to consider their verdict, "burlesqued the testimony of States witnesses," and further whiled away the time by standing up in court with a woman reporter and singing, "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." Incidentally the sheriff at this trial extracted a fee of £2 for main floor seats and £1 for balcony seats from the reporters present.

There was also Mr. Earl Carroll of the famous Vanities, who specialised in "glorifying the American girl": in other words, in displaying young ladies with practically nothing on, and who went to prison on a technical charge of perjury which had something to do with a "wild party," and of whose last production Mr. Percy Hammond, dramatic critic, said: "Mr. Carroll has been jailed for misdemeanours less obnoxious than those he performs in some of the dull and disgusting sketches of the present Vanities."

Another illuminating chapter is that on Mae West, who says that in making her pictures she "always thinks of the kiddies."

Mr. Walker ventures no comment upon these or any other of the extraordinary happenings he records, but merely contents himself with stating what are apparently facts, supplemented in many places, as we have noted, with figures. In America, apparently, they have a greater licence in these matters, certainly a greater licence to comment upon them. In nearly every one of these cases it is the sensation-loving mob which makes the mass vulgarity of it all possible. In varying degrees it is probably true of certain aspects of life in other "civilised" countries, but I very much doubt whether a book such as *Mrs. Astor's Horse* could have been written in and about any other country than America.

A real horse, or rather a New Forest pony, Violet, is the heroine of Mr. A. F. Tschiffely's **BRIDLE-PATHS** (Heinemann. 6s.), It was Tschiffely who made that famous ride from the bottom end of South America to Washington.

A PLACE IN LITERATURE: This flight of steps near Granville Square, off King's Cross Road, is immortalised in Arnold Bennett's famous novel, *Riceyman's Steps*, in which the great writer described the Clerkenwell district with an almost Dickensian understanding. Two shops, also mentioned in the book, have, however, been demolished, a change that lovers of old London note with regret. It is suggested that a commemorative plaque should be placed on the site

The bridle-paths of England are a very different proposition from the wild tracks of the Andes, the forests, swamps, and cactus deserts of South and North America. For one thing, Violet had a better time than Mancha and Gato; for, in spite of the fact that her rider encountered difficulties upon occasion in getting good stabling from what used to be posting inns, she was nevertheless well-fed, well-housed, and well-used during her forty-three days' itinerary. Moreover, we are soon to learn that Mr. Tschiffely has views on the matter too, for up on the Berkshire Downs he exclaims: "give me the cool breezes and clear streams of temperate zones; fields of green and gold . . ."

The England which Mr. Tschiffely saw consisted of the by-ways which led from the New Forest to Oxford, by way of Marlborough and Wantage, thence by easy stages to Wrexham, and he meets phases of English life which he asserts have existed for 500 years, and hopes will continue for another 500 years.

Beyond Wrexham he encountered something which has not been there for so long (but upon its continuance he ventures no prophecy), i.e., industrial England. Here Violet was, quite rightly but rather ignominiously, boxed; not to be loosed again until she carries her rider north through the Lake District from Kendal.

The objective, we are delighted to discover, is none other than a visit to Cunninghame Grahame at Dumbarton, where Violet is treated to the enviable experience of being ridden by Don Roberto himself. The description of this is one of the happiest touches in a book in which we find an England of bypaths and bridle-paths as yet unberibboned out of existence, kindly and hospitable to a stranger, delightfully described by one who, because he is a stranger is the better able to appreciate much which is otherwise taken for granted.

Awakened one snowy Sunday morning by the pealing of the front door bell, the wife of the Vicar of Slumbermere looked out of the bedroom window and saw—a camel.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Vicar. "How could it be a camel at this hour of the morning?"

A camel it was, however, and from that moment on Lord Berners' book is sheer joy. The camel, unlike most of his fellows who "even in the most benevolent of natural history books . . . are described as arrogant and ego-centric," was of an affectionate and discerning nature. As people are in the habit of saying about pet dogs, he understood every word that was said to him, and when it was the Vicar's wife who was speaking his attention was almost disconcerting. Her wish was law to this devoted animal, as the incident of Lady Bugle's sable coat showed. Mrs. Hussey, who, incidentally, was in the habit of signing herself "A. Hussey," told the Vicar that Lady Bugle's coat was a very beautiful one, and that she wouldn't mind having one like it herself. Late that night, as Lady Bugle was taking her dog for its final stroll, the camel found his opportunity, and in the morning the sable coat was lying on the vicarage doorstep.

Then there was the affair of the orchids for the church decorations, and the skeleton of the pet dog, which appeared on the table the day the Bishop came to lunch, and finally there was the tragic incident of Mr. Scrimgeour's book of poetry. The camel meant well, and with an intensity of purpose that few camels can have achieved, so that his kindly plots were, at least as far as Mrs. Hussey was concerned, invariably successful. He even chased poor Father Picpus up a tree and forced him to stay there half the night, rather than let him dine with some acquaintances of Mrs. Hussey.

In other words, **THE CAMEL** (Constable. 6s.) is a delicious book, neither an allegory nor a satire, but a witty little fantasy.

ANONYMOUS 1871–1935 (John Murray. 12s. 6d.) might well be read twice; the first time to study the clues to the identity of the authoress, and the second time to appreciate the wisdom and humour, and the often surprisingly tart criticisms.

As for the clues, the lady was born, and lived for many years in Hampstead where Annie Besant, Beatrice Harraden, Asquith, Alma Tadema, George R. Sims, Walford Davies, and William de Morgan were familiar figures at that time. Her interests have always been with music and the stage, she has written literary and dramatic criticisms, translated foreign plays, some in the record time of twenty-four hours, and worked with a literary agent. Her friends are among the most distinguished authors and stage people, and she has chosen a photograph of Miss Marie, with her "saucy sunny, savouring *beauté de diable*" and Mr. Graham Browne as her frontispieces. That in itself should be an excellent clue, but so far I have not been able to relate it to the authoress, unless it is a form of dedication.

Anecdotes of the great figures of the time are plentiful, as one might expect, and happily unconventional. There is none of the inclination to indiscriminate praise about this autobiography. Mr. Noel Coward and Miss Gladys Cooper I think suffer the most from the writer's incisive judgments, though she allows their "fine journalism" and their beauty, respectively.

The most entertaining passages of all, though, are concerned with millionaires, of whom the author appears to know a number. Certainly her comments on them sound original to those of us who have never met one; quite pleasant fellows, in fact. "Millionaires constantly show a desire to produce some art work;" writes our informant. "Some of them write, some act, some make music. Nor have I found them unduly conceited about their work, but rather the other way . . . I have spoken of their simplicity; it resembles that of men who know their job from A to Z, having little time left over for other things. Still, millionaires as a rule have plenty to do and this keeps them sane."

BOOKS RECEIVED

GEOFFREY BLES.—CAREER. By Vicki Baum. 7s. 6d. COVERED WAGON, 10 H.P.: Being the Further Adventures of an English Family in its Travels across America. By Guy K. Austin. 8s. 6d. BURNS OATES.—BOTANY FOR CHILDREN. By Lady Elphinstone. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. FABER & FABER.—SEVEN RED SUNDAYS. By Ramon J. Sender. Translated from the Spanish by Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell. 8s. 6d. HAIG: The Second Volume. By Duff Cooper. Illustrated. 25s. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—FLY AWAY PAUL. By Victor Canning. 7s. 6d. THE HAMMER OF ALLAH. By Douglas V. Duff. 7s. 6d. GONE AFIELD. By Cecil Roberts. 7s. 6d. HODGE.—THE PILOT'S BOOK OF EVEREST. By Squadron Leader the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale and Flight Lieutenant D. F. M'Intyre. Preface by the Right Hon. the Lord Tweedsmuir. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. MICHAEL JOSEPH.—THE ROCKET.—By Jeffery Marston. 7s. 6d. THE CANDLE. By Linton C. Hopkins. 7s. 6d. GULLS AGAINST THE SKY. By Michael Copeland. 7s. 6d. BALI AND ANGKOR, OR LOOKING AT LIFE AND DEATH. By Geoffrey Gorer Illustrated. 16s. HUTCHINSON. —LONDON AND BETTER. By J. M. N. Jeffries, Illustrated. 18s.

MID-SEASON MEDLEY

Subtle Changes in Silhouette that Must Not Be Ignored

Here are the two favourite coat lengths from the Mid-Season Collections in Paris. The short checked jacket fastens high with a link button and is worn over a linen waistcoat with a stiff frill, while the second jacket is in a light weight woollen, shadow checked, with flap pockets at the waist giving it a Regency air. In both cases the skirts are pencil straight, and each of the suits has been made by Creed—the English designer who leads the way in Paris as far as tailored modes are concerned

Again the Regency influence—this time in a summer-weight travelling coat by Germaine Lecomte. The high-waisted effect, the strappings across the front, and the folded revers are fashion highlights, while the gently flared skirt, with its stitched hem, is a safe forecast for the early autumn

A silhouette that is really different—Piguet's satin evening frock, with its draped sash drawn round about the knees and carried up to the waist. Be sure, too, to notice the petalled hem, curved at the front, for this is a line that was shewn in several Collections, and it is safe to predict that it will be seen again when summer modes are fading into the background

A MIGHTY FURROW: Work in progress on the future Winchester to Guildford road showing a mechanical scoop digging its way through the chalk surface. This new highway will materially relieve the week-end congestion in and around Guildford

The Petrol World

A Review of the Latest Ford V8—A Cause of Many Accidents—The 2-Litre M.G. on the Road

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

I AM glad I had an opportunity the other week-end of trying on the road the latest edition of the big V8 Ford. This latest model incorporates a number of improvements which may not be apparent to the eye by a mere inspection. But they are certainly noticeable when the car is actually driven. The capacity of the water circulating system has been increased and now holds five and a half gallons. Personally, I have never found any fault with the cooling system in the past but this improvement may be desirable when the car is used in very mountainous districts and hot climates. The engine is now fitted with aluminium cylinder heads and lightweight cast alloy steel pistons. The rated horse-power is 30, but actually the unit develops 80 h.p.

The road wheels are of new type and now look like modified spoke wheels built up of steel pressings. Virtually, each wheel consists of a rim attached to the brake drum. This new construction gives a saving of 5 lb. weight in each wheel and as they are actually more desirable from other aspects the change is certainly a good one. Much detailed improvement has been effected in the steering system. All bearings are of the anti-friction type and the worm and sector teeth are now lapped, which means that friction has been reduced almost to nothing. The steering ratio has been altered to 17 to 1. To a person accustomed to the English steering gear ratio the Ford steering appears low-geared, but I found after driving a hundred miles or so that I became accustomed to it, and no doubt if I drove a Ford continually I should like it as much as the more direct English type. One effect of the low-geared steering is the ease with which the car can be parked in confined spaces.

The transmission is now all silent. Helical gears being used for low and reverse speeds as well as for the second and top gears. Synchronised gear change is given between second and top gears. To the eye the greatest change is seen in the bonnet and radiator. The top of the bonnet is now extended forward so that no radiator top is seen. This gives the car a very distinctive appearance.

On the road this new model is, if anything, more amazing than its predecessor. It leaps away from the mark or from a low speed like a greyhound and just as quietly. On account of this amazing acceleration it is a fast car in towns as well as on the open road. The brakes are definitely good and give the driver that confidence which allows him to use the power of the engine to the utmost. The road-holding qualities are deserving of merit and, although the bodywork may cant over slightly when a corner is taken abruptly, the wheels do not come off the ground. I was not present at Monte Carlo when the rally this year was run off, but I have been told by trustworthy observers that the performance of the V8 Ford in the eliminating tests was most convincing. Figures of eight had to be turned at speed, and these tests proved without a shadow of doubt that the Ford V8 is probably more stable than many other cars when cornering.

No account of a road test on one of these cars would be complete without a word as to the top-gear performance. I doubt if there are many cars on our roads to-day that are as flexible as a Ford V8 is on top gear. As regards speed, on more than one occasion I found myself going along the London–Cambridge road at over 80 m.p.h. If the car cost £500 it still would be astounding value for money, but when it is remembered that a purchaser obtains quite an appreciable amount of change after tendering £300, one can only sum up the Ford V8 as being a modern miracle.

DEVON'S GLORY: A panorama of the Valley of Rocks near Lynmouth, North Devon. The latest type Ford V8 is seen in the foreground

As the summer progresses the roads I travel on appear to become more and more congested. The chief result of this unhappy state of affairs is the holding up of cars that want to get ahead but are prevented from doing so. On the great majority of roads, including many of our by-passes, a commercial vehicle holds up a long stream of traffic behind it if cars are coming in the opposite direction. Frequently, I find I have to wait what appears to be five or ten minutes before a safe opening presents itself. Not wishing to run any unnecessary risks I do wait until conditions are absolutely safe but I am afraid that there are many drivers who become exasperated at these long and frequent delays with the result that they take a chance and sooner or later are involved in an accident. I cannot help thinking, therefore, that one of the most pressing needs of motoring to-day is to have wider but preferably double-track roads and then we shall see the casualty figures reducing themselves.

Writing of accidents I would ask those who consider that the present weekly returns of fatalities are monstrous to take up their positions on any one of the main arterial roads leading out of a city or big town on any Sunday evening in the summer. I think if any amazement is experienced it will be that there are not more accidents and the conclusion to be drawn from the state of affairs as they appear is that the average driver is a very skilful being. If the powers that be do not recognise that fact I think pedestrians and cyclists do, at least that is the only conclusion one can draw from their movements on busy roads.

Another car which I recently tried on the road was the 2-litre M.G. Ever since the last Olympia Show motorists have been waiting to see this latest creation of the well-known M.G. factory at Abingdon perform on the road. I was really excited when one of these cars was handed over to me but, unfortunately, the demonstrator was not available so I had to be content with a very well caned works car. I was told not to be too critical, merely to drive the car with the object of getting some idea as to its actual capabilities. I will not, therefore, do anything but endeavour to give readers a rough idea of what the car is like.

The engine has a capacity just under two litres, which in these days is not very large. If it was placed in a small chassis which, in turn, was fitted with an ultra-light body one might expect the performance to be snappy, but I actually weighed the car I was lent and found that it put the scales up to 3,470 lbs. which is just over 30 cwts. The actual car is a full-sized saloon of very attractive appearance so I was amazed to find that with the judicious use of the four-speed gear box good acceleration was available. As regards all-out speed I was easily able to get the speedometer over 80 m.p.h. though at no time could I honestly say that it had reached its maximum. Its road holding qualities are even better than what is usually associated with M.G. products and that is saying a tremendous amount. On one or two occasions I was forced to pull up suddenly and the brakes did all they were asked to do. The fittings of the car are quite unusually good and the facia board is a sheer delight. One small feature which pleased me tremendously was the switch which enabled the driver to determine the degree of light intensity illuminating the instruments.

Cylinder bore measuring for size and ovality is carried out at the Morris Engines factory by an ingenious testing machine which entirely eliminates any mis-reading on the part of the operator as in contact methods of gauging. No part of this gauging machine comes into actual contact with the cylinder bores, while the gauge can never wear and is always accurate. Actually, it consists of a plug which is a few thousandths of an inch smaller in diameter than the cylinder bore. Air is passed into the centre of the plug, is released through two jets on opposite sides of the plug and impinges directly on to the cylinder walls. The larger the bore and the greater the distance between the plug and the cylinder walls the greater the amount of air which escapes. The latter is measured by means of a column of liquid which rises or falls in a graduated tube in accordance with the distance the air travels.

REMOVING A BOTTLE-NECK: A view of the newly widened and divided section of the High Street at Bromley, Kent. This work is steadily nearing completion and will greatly facilitate the flow of main coastal traffic

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CONTINUATIONS

RED CARMENS OF REVOLT

(Continued from page 410)

of the arena, when she is aided by her typical Spanish looks and all-black dress scheme. But she is also tremendously sincere, having known life. One of eleven hungry children, at fourteen she was a servant and later a seamstress; and her mother was killed by the Civil Guard, and she has done twelve months in prison.

The daughters of Largo Caballero are known as "the Red Virgins," but it is not true that they lead on Communist youth in the streets. Nevertheless they successfully radiate their father's extreme views at the University in Madrid. The Socialists have great prestige for having fought Oviedo, and there really seems very little between them and the Communists and even the Anarchists; the real chance of the Revolution is that the three may combine.

Three somewhat older extremists are Julia Alvarez, Maria Martinez Serra, and Libertàd Blasco Ibañez. Julia sits as a Socialist for Madrid, her husband, Amancio Muñoz, for Murcia. A barrister, the former exercises telling appeal from the platform all round the country. Maria Serra began by being devout and patriotic—she relates how the passage of the national flag used to move her to emotion. To-day she is Atheist and Scarlet-Socialist, while finding time to be a successful dramatist—one of her pieces was recently played at the Comédie Française as *Le Chant du Berceau*. Yet this intellectual doesn't believe in education. Another of her dogmas is that saints make themselves, their doctrine having nought to do with it. "It is harder to be an Anarchist saint than a Christian one." All for an international society, she had an odd thing to say when the growth of Nationalism in some countries, notably Italy and Germany, was pointed out to her. "Have you never seen a candle go out? It is then that it throws its biggest flame."

The fine-looking daughter of Blasco Ibañez is a free-thinker who hasn't baptised her children. She is now studying for a university degree. She doesn't fear the prospect of Communism but wants to wake up Spanish women. "In Spain we are two or three dozen women. The rest are a flock of females led by priests."

"La Señorita F.M." shields her identity because of the contents of the anarchist *White Review* which she edits. Unmarried, she has a daughter aged two, and she is as violent in her exhortings as the cover of her review: two outstretched hands grasping on high the Soviet emblems.

Mystery not only of name but of origin surrounds a more flamboyant lady of revolutionary renown going by the style of Vera Tcherkoff. Vera is a tall, slim, un-Spanish type and is reputed to have operated for Moscow in Poland and Rumania prior to being posted to Spain. But for "Vera" being something of a national character one would be disposed to write her off as fiction of the beautiful blonde spy type: but there she just is. What Vera may well be is a recruiter of Soviet propagandists, a cashier for these, and an absorber of political "trends," as these are reported by paid agents, some, no doubt, of the sex-appeal variety. The papers are apt to be full of Vera of whom I could go on recounting this and that; but I don't believe the this, or the that.

And, anyway, Vera be bothered. She's not the kidney of this article. Too much like Mata Hari, for one thing, who also served gaudily in Madrid. The Aïda Lafuentes are the real electricity: the "Stars" of *Seven Red Sundays*. Star was the seventeen-year-old heroine of that work, and "she carried death." She died herself, shot in the van of revolt. There is every sign that Star was closely modelled on Aïda. Of their sex, it is the Stars that are now counting for better or for worse. *Les pétroleuses.*

A BOTANIST IN UNKNOWN TIBET

(Continued from page 413)

me to rest the next day. That night my two servants were closely questioned, and I was under observation. I had only to satisfy Lobsang, who had just arrived from Lhasa on special duty, that I was what I said I was—an English botanist—and all would be well. If I failed to establish that identity I would be put under arrest—on suspicion of being a person wanted by the Lhasa Government. But all this I learnt afterwards. On the following day, Lobsang—who in spite of his first suspicions was courteous and friendly throughout, asked me where I proposed to go, and I said at a venture, northwards into Po Yigrong; for in that direction I felt sure lay the mystery range. Lobsang offered no objection; clearly I had passed my oral with honours, and we departed in peace from Tongkyuk, and later turning up a side valley, camped beneath some glaciers. We crossed the range by a lofty and difficult pass next day. I had at last reached the mysterious range! My elation may well be understood; but what a pass! The snow on the north side was deep and slippery, and packed hard against the steep face. We had neither rope nor ice-axes; a false step and we were dead men. However, I felt ashamed of my fear when presently we met three pilgrims toiling up, one of whom, a woman, carried her baby in a basket on her back!

In the deep valley below lay a bank of cloud. It lifted momentarily, disclosing high snow peaks and glaciers sliding down to the Yigrong river. When next day we reached the wide valley 8,000 ft. below, a crowd of unkempt farmers met me, swept off their hats, put out their tongues, and spread rugs for me to sit on. For the second time my identity had been mistaken. The first time I was suspected of being a Bolshevik agent; this time I was mistaken for the dzongpön himself. It was unflattering, the alacrity with which the Pobas drew in their tongues when they discovered their mistake. I wondered whether I should now be arrested as an impostor. However, they quickly recovered from their disappointment.

Crossing rivers and two passes of over 17,000 ft., we joined the Gyalam or the Lhasa-China road, and tacked ourselves on to one of the great tea caravans from Eastern Tibet which was plodding on to the capital. This caravan, comprising more than a hundred beasts of burden, had already been two months on the road. The owner of the caravan, a living Buddha, with a face of carved ivory, rode a mule; his servants, drivers, and assistants walked with the easy swing of the Kampa. Enormous black dogs, with bloodshot eyes and tails curled over their backs, mingled with the rolling stock of ponies, donkeys, and mules. They sniffed superciliously at strangers and looked truculent, fearing nothing but the want of a meal. Gyamda, our destination, was unimpressive. It must have suffered in the slump, for its one shop had gone out of business. Neither of the dzongpöns would acknowledge my presence by calling. They simply ignored me, and it would not have been in accordance with etiquette for me to draw attention to the discourtesy by calling first. But the postmaster healed any breach in international relationships; he called and stayed for two hours.

The day before I left one of the magistrates at last acknowledged my presence: he sent a servant round to borrow my field glass. But he returned it.

At this season the Gyalam is blocked by tea caravans and hundreds of foot pilgrims. Some of the pilgrims beg their way to the Holy City, even from far away China; but the majority work in the villages en route to earn their keep. The road up the valley is good. But Lhasa was not my goal, and after two days I turned due south. Six days of hard marching over a great range of mountains brought us at length to the Tsangpo again. Taking a new route, so as to explore as much country as possible, I crossed the Mo La at 18,000 feet, and four days later reached my starting point, just ninety days after leaving it. During that time I had travelled 800 miles through unexplored country, and had crossed sixteen high passes. A few days later we started back for India, crossed the Great Himalayan range in a terrible wind storm, and three weeks later we were back in Assam, after an absence of six months.

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On left—THE WEDDING GROUP: On May 19 the daughter of Dr. B. C. de Jonge, Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies, was married to W. F. J. Borgman Brouwer at Buitenzorg and here the bride and bridegroom are seen with the bride's parents after the ceremony. On the wall behind them is a portrait of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland. *On right*—The wedding breakfast in the dining room of the Governor-General's residence with white uniformed Javanese servants flanking each side of the long table

On left—GREETING THE GUESTS: Dr. de Jonge welcoming Dr. Hoessein Djajadiningrat, a member of the Council of the Dutch East Indies, and his wife. *On right*—The newly wedded pair receiving the congratulations of the Regent of Batavia and his consort

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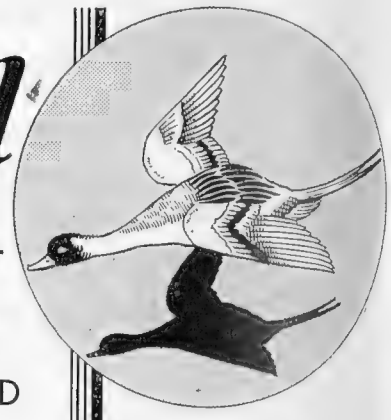

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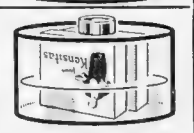
2	He placed a 20 packet of KENSITAS in its new Moisture Control wrapping, top end down, in water so that packet stood upright with its sealed end submerged. He did the same with a 20 packet wrapped the usual way and laid a weight across the packets to hold in position.	
3	After five minutes, he lifted the weight, placed packets one on top of other, flat on water, replaced weight, and left submerged for five more minutes (packets were both completely covered with water).	

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THE BELGIAN ARDENNES

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I AM constantly, and to my never-failing surprise, coming across people who have not been to the Ardennes. What is more, apart from knowing that the Ardennes is a district somewhere in Belgium and France, they have only the haziest notions about its history and character, and are in their turn almost equally surprised that one should expect them to have been there. The reason, I think, must be that they are all travel snobs. It is fashionable to hop over to Brussels every now and then, or to spend a summer month at one of the seaside resorts; everybody, too, must have a word to say about the cathedral at Antwerp, and about the marvellous collection of Memling's pictures at Bruges. But the Ardennes?—it is too easy for them to go only to Belgium for scenery on the grand scale. If they want forests and high hills and swift rivers tumbling through rocky passes, they will seek them farther afield, they will insist on spending at least one night in the train, even if it means sitting up 3rd-class to do it. And so the lovely Ardennes remains, not admittedly undiscovered, but at any rate the preserve of the discriminating, who are prepared to recognise good country when they see it, even if it is only 250 miles or so from home.

For the benefit of those whose geography stops short at remembering the names of places, without remembering where they are, it may be said at once that the Ardennes is the region in the extreme east and southeast of Belgium, that its two chief cities are Namur and Liége; that its rivers are the Meuse, the Ourthe, the Lesse and the Semois; and that it is inhabited largely by the people called Walloons.

Anybody who is travelling by car will want to see as much as he can of this country, and so will set himself a task of enjoyment that unless he stays a long time he will never feel he has fully accomplished. He will also find good roads, though of necessity, not very straight, and good hotels: simple in the smaller places, but clean everywhere.

For those who go by train, there is a fairly close network of motor buses and motor coaches which will enable them to get practically anywhere without much difficulty—and it is a great thing when you can really feel that you are *in* a country and not just on the fringe of it. Namur is an obvious centre, being only a short rail journey from Brussels, and in itself a worthwhile city. It is the meeting place of the rivers Sambre and Meuse. Steeply above it rises the Montagne de Champeaux, vine-covered, and crowned by a magnificent old citadel, which was built by the great Vauban. It is a good place to explore, because one is all the time finding delightful views over the surrounding country, and even now that one can approach it by a modern motor road, or by tram, it still retains the aura of its turbulent past and commands one's immediate respect. Down below, the Pont de Jambes is worth noticing as the only one of the old bridges over the Meuse that has survived to the present day, and even that lost two of its original arches in the last war: it is not for nothing that Belgium has been called "the cockpit of Europe."

Only 30 kilometres farther on is Dinant, and this is perhaps the best place of all in which to absorb the character of the Ardennes. It is situated on the banks of the Meuse, with steep cliffs rising immediately behind it and a ruined château, very picturesque, on the top. The church has a curious onion-like steeple which one remembers afterwards, and its riverside quays are neatly and spaciously laid out. There are innumerable excursions to be made, some of them to the best viewpoints in the whole country, and one, of outstanding interest, to the famous grottos of Ham. With regard to the viewpoints, the Montagne du Cornmont, to the west, the Croix de Beausaint, 2 kilometres or so away to the southwest, the Belvédère du Dester in the north-east, are all names worth bearing in mind. Then there is a fine drive to the Baraque de Fraiture, a wild region and the third highest point in Belgium, which you reach by way of Samrée. With regard to the Ham grottos, it is no exaggeration to say these are one of the most remarkable sights in the world; underground caverns of such immensity that they completely take your breath away. One great hall after another is revealed, the dome of the biggest being nearly 400 ft. high. There is always an extraordinary sense of mystery about underground lakes and rivers, and the eerieness of these particular ones is further enhanced by the whiteness of the immense limestone walls that tower up above them. You can get to Ham by train from Dinant (on the Dinant-Jemelle line), changing over to the tramway at Rochefort. At the same time as visiting the caves, incidentally, one is taken for a short trip on the beautiful river Lesse, which near here is overhung by a huge natural arch.

Yet another expedition for which Dinant is the natural starting point is the exploration of the Ourthe valley on foot. One can go upstream to Houffalize, passing on the way Le Héron, a fine, rocky ridge, almost formed into an island by the twistings and turnings of the river. This is perhaps the most beautiful spot in the whole of Belgium, with its dense, deep woods and towering crags. Houffalize itself is a charming place with a church and abbey buildings adjoining it that date from the thirteenth century. Another attractive little town in the same neighbourhood is La Roche en Ardenne, and some people favour staying here in preference to anywhere else.

Now let us glance at Liége, the place which bore the brunt of the first German advance in 1914, and whose name would be engraved on our recollection for that reason alone, even if it were not a distinguished university and industrial centre. The latter is not so alarming as it sounds, from the tourist's point of view. Liége is a pretty place, and, although architecturally it is not particularly distinguished, there is a pleasant view to be had from the Pont des Arches. Here again, as in so many of the cities of the Ardennes, the background is completed by a citadel high up on a hill. The old episcopal palace, now the Palais de Justice, is also worth seeing, just for the mixed character of the buildings which compose it, especially in the inner courtyards.

Near Liége is that famous place Spa, nestling among the wooded hills of the Ardennes, elegant, sophisticated, and at the same time extremely friendly. It is said to be one of the oldest watering places in the world, and one can well believe that its charm is a sure guarantee of eternal popularity.

Richard Nowell

SCENIC BEAUTIES OF THE MEUSE VALLEY: The castle of Freyr, an historic residence in elaborately laid out grounds, situated in a picturesque district of streams and woodlands. In the vicinity are some quarries noted for their black marble

THE CHÂTEAU DE WALZIN: The River Lesse, dominated by a thirteenth-century castle erected on what in medieval times was an excellent point of vantage—the summit of a precipitous rock—thus rendering it immune from attack on two sides

THE CLOISTERED COURTYARD OF THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE, LIÉGE: The largest and most important civil building in the city, one of the last in Belgium to be erected in the Gothic style and dating from the first half of the sixteenth century. It was formerly the palace of the prince bishops. The columns have elaborate and somewhat grotesque capitals

IN THE HEART OF WALLOON BELGIUM: The wide expanse of the River Meuse at Liége

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IN THE SUNNIEST POSITION ON THE SEA FRONT

All public rooms face the sea and own grounds of three acres. Excellent cooking. Every comfort. Fully licensed. Bedrooms with balconies and electric fires. Hot and cold water throughout. Own garage for 30 cars—with private lock-ups. Telephone 40.

Canford Cliffs Hotel **BOURNEMOUTH**

What a lovely hotel! *Brochure on request*

SACKVILLE HOTEL

BEXHILL

On sea front. Semi-circular glass fronted lounge. Central heating. Hot and cold running water in all bedrooms. An ideal health resort.

Telegrams: "Sackville, Bexhill."

Telephone: Bexhill 551

An Early Holiday?

. . . then Bude! A Cornish summer at its best. Prices lower. Long hours of glorious Atlantic sunshine . . . golf, tennis, motoring, fishing (trout), surf-riding, shooting. Surely the realisation of your holiday-ideal when allied to the comfort and amenities of a very first-class hotel.

THE GRENVILLE HOTEL, BUDE

Second to none in Cornwall.
Brochure with pleasure from the Management.

THE GRAND HOTEL
CROMER

faces the sea on the West Cliff. It has suites with private bathrooms, hot and cold water in all bedrooms, hard tennis courts, ballroom, billiards, cocktail bar and large motor garage, with private lock-ups.

Phone: Cromer 24 *Apply Manager.*

EASTBOURNE HYDRO HOTEL

A.A. R.A.C. (Licensed.)

Finest Position—Facing Sea.
Three Acres Grounds.
Hard and Grass Tennis Courts.
Near Three Golf Courses.
Ballroom—Billiards.
Electric Lift and Fires.
Garage with Private Lock-ups.

MODERATE TERMS.

Illustrated Brochure on Application.

LLANDUDNO · ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL

(FULLY LICENSED)

Most centrally situated Hotel in Llandudno. Covered Terrace facing Sea. Orchestra plays daily during Season. Garage for 60 cars on premises. Excellent cuisine. Moderate tariff. Hot and cold water in all rooms. Tariff and full particulars can be had on application to S. Greame Horspool, Manager. Telephone 6257.

In Quest of

Westcliff, Lowestoft, and Essex and Suffolk that Boast

A FEW weeks ago I received an enquiry for a good hotel at Westcliff-on-Sea, but had to confess that I had never been there.

Perhaps it was because I had been frightened off by memories of pictures in the papers featuring "Record Bank Holiday Crowds at Southend" (for Westcliff is Southend's residential half, and must not be confused with Westgate, near Margate.)

Or perhaps it was because I was more familiar with the south side of London as compared with the north and east, and so rather funked strange exits out of London.

But the enquiry I received regarding Westcliff necessitated quick action on my part if my reputation as an hotel adviser was not to suffer, so the other week-end I planned a trip "eastward bound," and came back rejoicing in new knowledge and new finds.

How really easy getting out of London is these days. And the quickest and best way eastwards is, though it may sound a little Irish, to go northwards—Camden Town Finsbury Park, Tottenham—and within a short space of time one is speeding along the new arterial road; no speed limit, and comparatively little traffic at a week-end. And as Westcliff is only thirty-seven miles from London, and is her nearest seaside resort, you can get there in an hour-and-a-half from the West End by car, and quicker still by rail.

At Westcliff one need not be conscious of Southend's presence, though there are times—quite often, I expect—when Westcliff's residents descend from the cliffs and share in Southend's gaiety, for Westcliff is to Southend what Hove is to Brighton—residential, bracing, yet very much attached to her twin in many senses.

Westcliff has a number of hotels, but the one I aimed for was the Westcliff Hotel, partly because I knew that it was connected with Hockley's Hotel at Brighton, and partly because I had heard that Mr. W. J. Hockley, the resident proprietor of the Westcliff, was no newcomer to the hotel world, or for that matter to Westcliff-on-Sea, for he has lived there for some thirty-four years, and is an ex-Mayor of Southend-Westcliff; but more particularly because I had heard on more than one occasion that the Westcliff Hotel was very comfortable and very popular at all times of the year.

I discovered the Westcliff Hotel on the highest point of the cliffs, facing the sea, the sun, and the south. From the front windows there was a ten-mile panoramic view of craft ranging from outward and homeward bound liners to saucy sailing craft battling with the breeze.

The Westcliff is a good home for the city man, the family from overseas, in fact for anyone who wants to be within

The

CAIRN HYDRO HARROGATE

First Class Hotel with Accommodation for 300 Visitors, and a Full Suite of Medical Baths. Dancing every evening.

Tennis.

Golf Course 5 mins. away.

Telegrams: "CAIRN"
Telephone: 4005 (5 lines).

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL WEYBRIDGE

Beautiful Park of 60 acres. Private Golf Course. Swimming Pool. Tennis, Badminton, and Squash Courts. Dancing every Saturday. All inclusive, at from 5 guineas weekly.

Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. Telephone: Weybridge 1190 (six lines).

CADOGAN HOTEL
SLOANE STREET LONDON

Telephone: Sloane 7141.

Situated centrally in the West End, overlooking Gardens, and within a few minutes of Victoria Station, Hyde Park and Piccadilly. Private suites. Bedrooms with private bathrooms and toilets. Telephone in all rooms. Renowned for Cuisine and Service.

Fully Licensed. *Wedding Receptions*

Good Hotels

by ASHLEY COURTENAY

Lavenham—Three Centres in the Best of Accommodation

range of the Metropolis yet be able to inhale deep draughts of sea air in frequent doses.

From Westcliff my destination was England's most easterly town—Lowestoft, and although the direct route from Westcliff was via Chelmsford, Colchester, Ipswich, and Saxmundham, I deliberately made a detour by Braintree, Halstead, and Sudbury as I had heard a good deal about a "Trust House," the Swan, at Lavenham, which I was very keen to visit.

Lavenham was a great centre of the woollen industry in the Middle Ages, and to-day, though only a large village of some 1,500 inhabitants, it is so picturesque that if it were on the Continent it would be a great place of pilgrimage for English tourists! Fortunately, however, Lavenham—full of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century gems—is practically unknown. You can wander about Lady Street, Prentice Street, Shilling Street, and Bear Lane, feast on the architecture, visit her fine old Perpendicular Church, and finally rejoice in this gem amongst Trust Houses, the Swan.

Trust Houses have issued a series of leaflets entitled *Tales of Old Inns*, and their No. 50 describes The Swan at Lavenham, only sixty-two miles from London.

Space will not permit of my saying much here, but memories I took away with me were the lath and plaster walls, the old coach courtyard, the crazy angles, the carving on the entrance porchway, the old fifteenth-century fireplace, the warnings to "Mind your head," and, to get back to the present, the spick and spanness of everything, and a most excellent tea for the modest price of 1s. 3d.

The Swan at Lavenham is the genuine article. To Trust Houses and their management I doff my hat. I lingered so long at Lavenham, and the cross-country journey to Lowestoft was so much slower than I expected, that I did not arrive at the Royal Hotel, Lowestoft, until too late to really enjoy the duck and green peas which are a speciality of the Royal.

They pride themselves on the fact that their poultry have never experienced a sojourn in the refrigerator; they come straight off the Bungay Marshes and near-by farms. So next time you go to Lowestoft you can bear in mind that bloaters and fresh herrings are not the only specialities of this famous and still quite unspoilt Suffolk resort.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*

ALEXANDRA HOTEL BRIDLINGTON

ROYAL HOTEL OWESTOFT

Royal in name and style these two Hotels symbolise the cult of good food and service, of peace and relaxation—a remedy to the pace of modern life.

Under the direction of W. Hatje

A card to either Hotel will bring brochures by return.

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Telephone: NEWQUAY 511 (3 lines). *Telegrams: "HEADLAND, NEWQUAY."*

George last year spent his holiday in the Mediterranean and returned just like a wet rag!

This year he will return fit to push a bus over after a really bracing holiday at the

Sheringham Hotel, Norfolk

A real Holiday Hotel. Fine Ballroom. Dancing Hostess and First-class Band in Season. Cocktail Lounge. Bathing. Gardens. Golf. Every Amenity and Service. Telephone: Sheringham 3.

HASTINGS—QUEEN'S HOTEL

Leading and Best

Finest position on Sea Front.
Unequalled for Comfort and Cuisine.

Luxurious Suites. Own Garage. Private Bathrooms.

Terms from **15/-** daily.

Telephone: Hastings 201. *Telegrams: "Queens, Hastings."*

COME TO THE SOUTH coast this Spring and enjoy a perfect holiday at the

ADELPHI HOTEL ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA

facing gardens and promenade . . . a first class Hotel with a remarkably modest tariff. Charming motor runs and every kind of sport and amusement. 100 rooms. H. & C. water, central heating. Large Garage. Ballroom. Write to Resident Proprietor.

A DIFFERENT *holiday*

MUST it always be a crowded, noisy seaside resort? Why not a holiday in the peace and quiet of lovely Surrey, in one of the delightful hotels controlled by Catering Houses Ltd.? There you will find real comfort—excellent food, a fine cellar, central heating, hot and cold water in most bedrooms. The countryside hereabouts is renowned for its glorious scenery and climate. Each hotel is within easy reach of some of the finest golf and race courses in Britain. The very place, you will say, for a week-end, a week, a month or even longer.

For full information of this group of most comfortable hotels, write to the Secretary, CATERING HOUSES LTD., *3c, Quarry St., Guildford.*

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This group of hotels includes:—

Royal Ascot Hotel, Ascot.
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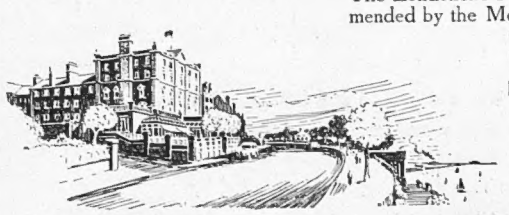
WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA Essex

The Londoner's Popular Health Resort. Highly Recommended by the Medical Profession. Specially suitable for City Gentlemen and Residents. Good Golf Courses within Easy Reach.



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WESTCLIFF HOTEL

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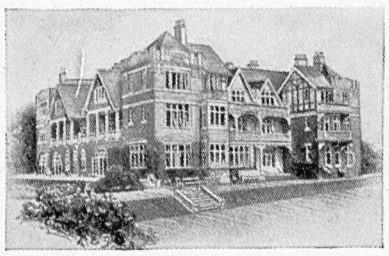
Write for Brochure or Telephone 4198.

FORTFIELD HOTEL SIDMOUTH

Fully Licensed

Overlooking Sea
Hot and Cold Water and Radiators in all Bedrooms.



Lift . Billiards
Self-contained Suites
Garage

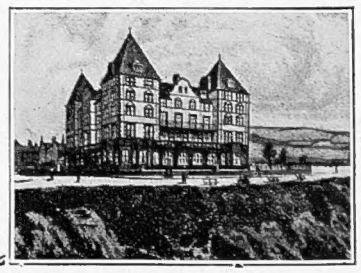
R.A.C. A.A.

Telephone 39

HOTEL METROPOLE

WHITBY

Unrivalled position on West Cliff. Extensive views of sea and moor. Comfortably appointed. Hot and cold running water in all bedrooms.



Telegrams: "Metropole, Whitby."

Telephone: Whitby 62

AIRPORTS FOR OUR CITIES

(Continued from page 416)

develop sufficiently to make these airports pay? With our climate and excellent railway system will internal air transport ever become an essential part of everyday life within the United Kingdom?

These are a few of the perplexities which face our councillors and aldermen. They are just a little afraid that they are being led up the garden path by a band of flying enthusiasts towards large capital expenditure which will never earn its keep. And even the expert speakers at the Aerodrome Owners Conference could not give them much comfort because, as one of them admitted, air transport to-day is in a state of flux.

The situation at present is that twenty-seven towns already have licensed aerodromes, eleven more have bought sites, four others have reserved sites in their town-planning schemes, 112 have had prospective sites inspected and eighty-eight more are interested in providing themselves with an airport.

C. D. Palmer

THE STRAIN ON DESTROYERS

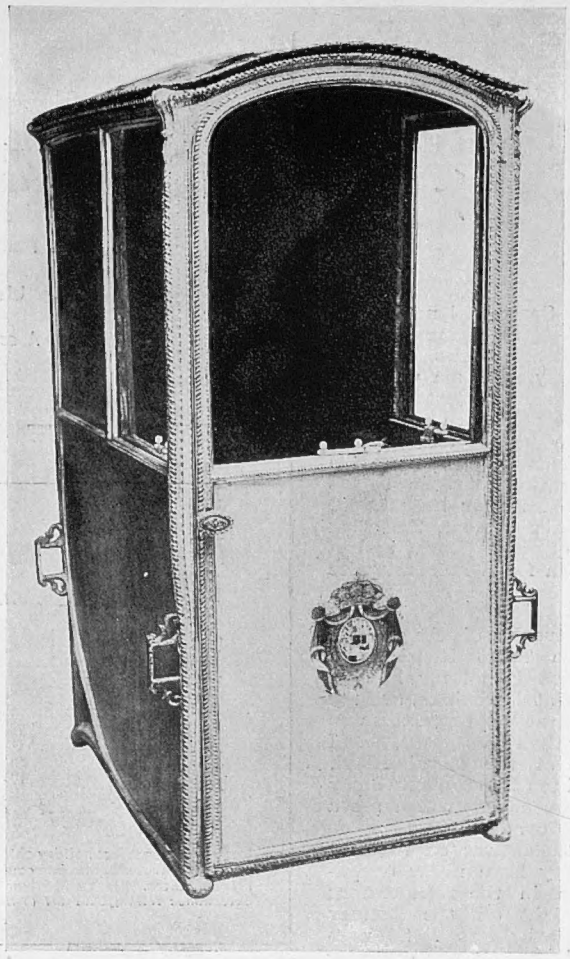
(Continued from page 420)

menace first became really serious a new type of ship was built to run down and destroy these hornets. They were first known as "torpedo catchers," and the weights on board were cut down so much, especially in the engine room, that they were constantly breaking down and could only catch a torpedo boat in a gale of wind which pulled the little vessel's speed down almost to nothing. So they were replaced by the destroyer, originally invariably known as the "torpedo-boat-destroyer," but the same tendency grew up, culminating in the famous case of the *Cobra*, which broke in two.

She had been built on speculation and the Admiralty was not responsible for the disaster—she had only been bought owing to public pressure—but the subsequent stocktaking decided that all our destroyers were too light and the "River" class was built, an infinitely sturdier vessel capable of standing up to North Sea weather but with her speed reduced from 30 to 25½ knots.

If the recent troubles have been due to cut weight the British constructors are certainly not alone in their mistake. Every foreign destroyer design errs to some extent, most of them very much more than ours. But British destroyers for purposes of defence have to stand up to open sea work in any weather far more than those of any other navy, and a robust type which is absolutely reliable is therefore necessary.

Frank C. Bowen



THIS ROYAL SEDAN CHAIR, bearing the arms of Ferdinand I (1751–1825), King of the Two Sicilies, is to be offered for sale at Sotheby's on Friday, June 12. Ferdinand, a despot of the most vindictive type, was ruling in Naples in 1798 when Nelson arrived in the port after his great victory at the battle of the Nile

CURRENT DRAMA

(Continued from page 427)

side. Possibly the performance of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera in English by an all-French company would be even quainter.

"Boy Meets Girl"—Whether the theatre public is one and the cinema public another, and never the twain do overlap, is a matter that has not yet been decided. If the cinema public visit and laugh at *Boy Meets Girl* at the Shaftesbury there is some hope for them. On the other hand, they are quite likely to regard it as blasphemy, for it pokes fun at the expensive absurdities of the film-world, its inaccuracy and pompousness and saccharine sentimentality.

The farce has been written by two people called Spewack; if one is called Spewack one just *has* to write farces. It is bright and smart and made me laugh a lot and I shall be surprised if it doesn't run six months or more. Undoubtedly this is one of the most amusing plays in London.

I reached Covent Garden in time to see Siegfried awaken the sleeping Brünnhilde. *Boy Meets Girl* would be a snappier title for this portion of *The Ring*.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

H.R.H. the Duke of Kent has graciously consented to become President of this Society in place of his brother, H.M. the King, who as Prince of Wales was the Society's President until his accession to the Throne. H.M. the King, who has already graciously given his patronage to the Society, has approved of this step. This renewed proof of the Royal Family's interest in the Society is a source of intense gratification to all who are concerned in this Great Work of training poor boys and girls to become good and useful citizens of the Empire. The Society are in urgent need of funds to assist them in their work, and they make a special appeal to all readers of THE SPHERE to help by sending donations to the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Victoria Station ... dep. (by Electric train)	8 00	9 28	4 28	6 05	1 28	4 28	9 28	5 48
Gatwick Airport ... dep.	8 55	10 25	5 15	7 00	2 25	5 25	10 25	6 55
Ryde ,, ... arr.	9 35	11 05	5 55	7 40	3 05	6 05	11 05	7 35
Cowes ,, ... arr. (Somerton Aerodrome)	9 45	11 15	6 05	7 50	3 15	6 15	11 15	7 45

TO LONDON	WEEKDAYS						SUNDAYS	
	Every weekday.	Mondays only.	Mons. to Fris.	Fris. & Sats. only.	Saturdays only.			
	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.		p.m.
Cowes ... ... dep. (Somerton Aerodrome)	8 05	10 40	5 40	6 40	11 40	3 40	...	5 40
Ryde Airport ... ... arr.	8 15	10 50	5 50	6 50	11 50	3 50	...	5 50
Gatwick ... ... arr.	8 55	11 30	6 30	7 30	p.m. 12 30	4 30	...	6 30
Victoria Station ... arr. (by Electric train)	9 43	p.m. 12 21	7 22	8 22	1 21	5 22	...	7 20

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Special Mid-week Period Ticket ... Ret. 40/-

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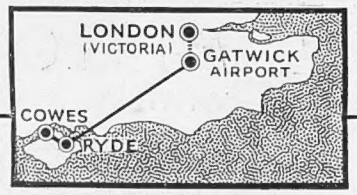
Fares include 1st Class rail conveyance by Electric train between Victoria and Gatwick and Road conveyance in the Isle of Wight to Seaview, Bembridge, Sandown, Shanklin or Cowes.



For augmented Summer Services from July 4th—see subsequent announcements.

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FULLY LICENSED. 'Phone: 2666 (2 lines).

SCOTLAND.

ALWAYS A WELCOME AT

CREAGDHU HOTEL

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THE MISSES FERNSIDE R.S.A.C., R.A.C., A.A. *Tel.: ONICH 38*

FOR A LOVELY HOLIDAY

On the main Glasgow-Inverness Road, by the shores of Loch Linnhe. The hotel stands in own grounds of 4½ acres with its own Bathing Beach and garden produce. H. and C. water in all bedrooms. Fishing for those who desire it.

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PERTH, STATION HOTEL

(Adjoins Station)

100 Bedrooms. Hot and Cold Running Water. Central Heating.

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Largest and most modern Hotel in West Highlands, 122 Rooms, Electric Light, Central Heating, Lift, Modern Bathrooms. All Bedrooms fitted with hot and cold running water. MODERATE CHARGES.

Official Hotel R.A.C. and R.S.A.C. GARAGE.

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First-Class Family and Residential Hotel

Excellent Cuisine. Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms.

Electric Light. Garage for 40 Cars.

Telephone 39. *Telegrams: "Scotlands, Pitlochry."*

S. W. Keeble, Manager.

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WRITE FOR TARIFF

PEEBLES HYDRO

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*June 6, 1936.* Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Moderate terms. Near Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Address—Palace, Knocke.

Knocke-Zoute.—The Rubens Hotel.—The finest hotel in the best position on sea front near Casino. Free conveyance to links.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad, C.S.R.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The best place for Rheumatic-Heart compiaints and women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing the famous links. Privilege of daily golf vouchers.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opp. Swimming pool. First-class residential hotel. Own private huts on the beach. Moderate.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First-class. 200 rooms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. terms. Annexe: Hotel DuRhin. Rms. fr. Frs. 25. Entir. renov.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment. Phone in every room.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Brenner's Park Hotel.—Family Hotel de Luxe, facing river next Casino, Theatre, Sporting Grounds. Pension fr. 14 M.

Baden-Baden.—Bühlerhöhe.—800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from RM. 11 upwards.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4, Pension fr. RM.10.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov. 1935, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM.9.

Bad-Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old estab., comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date, exceptional position by park, 20 yards from Baths.

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Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1936.

Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—Most beautiful position facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension from RM. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—Staatl. Kurhotel. Every room with private toilette and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from RM.10.50.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn.-Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Garmisch (Bavarian Alps, Sonnenbichl).—Golf Hotel.—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM.5.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung. Coun. of Com.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—First-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. fr. Mks. 8.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pens. fr. Marks 11.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten (4 seasons).—Select home of Soc. Best pos. opp. the Kurhaus, Opera & Parks. Pens. fr. RM. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Grand Hotel Kaiserhof.—300 beds. 1st class in quietest position in own large Park. Thermal Water. Swmg.-pool. Carl König.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

HOLLAND.

Amsterdam.—Amstel Hotel.—First class. Splendid situation. Rooms including Dutch breakfast from Fl. 4.50 upwards.

Amsterdam.—Bracks Doelen Hotel.—First class, quiet location, 120 beds, 40 bathrooms. From Fl. 4–5, including breakfast.

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Noordwijk.—Grand Hotel Huis Ter Duin.—500 beds. Best position facing sea. Golf, tennis, sunbathing, beautiful beach.

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Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

Lausanne.—Hotel Byron.—Modrn; all Cmfts. H. & C. water. Pte. baths. Well-kwn for its ex. cuisine. Diet. Fm. £4 10s. incl. bath & service.

Lausanne-Ouchy.—Meurice Hotel.—On the Lake. 100 Beds. Best First Class. New prices for 1936, 10 Frs. daily. Garden. Garage.

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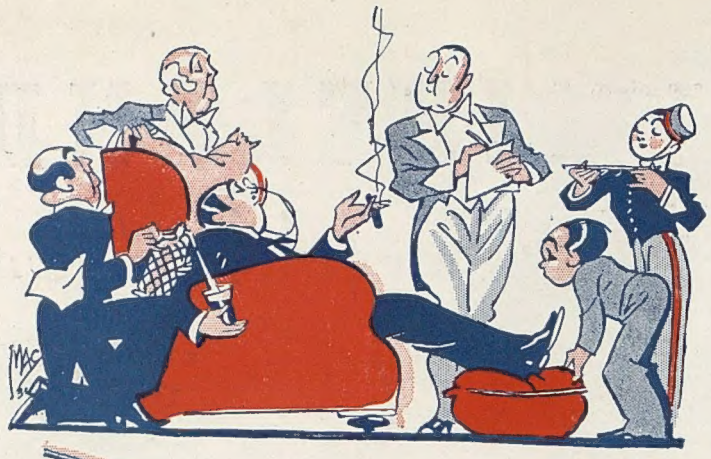

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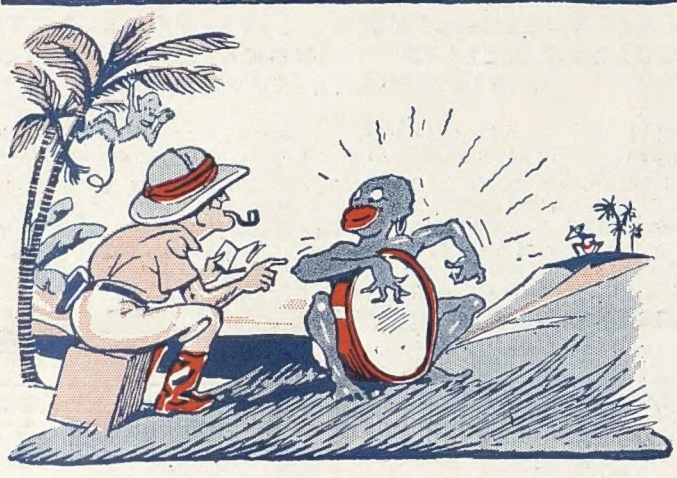

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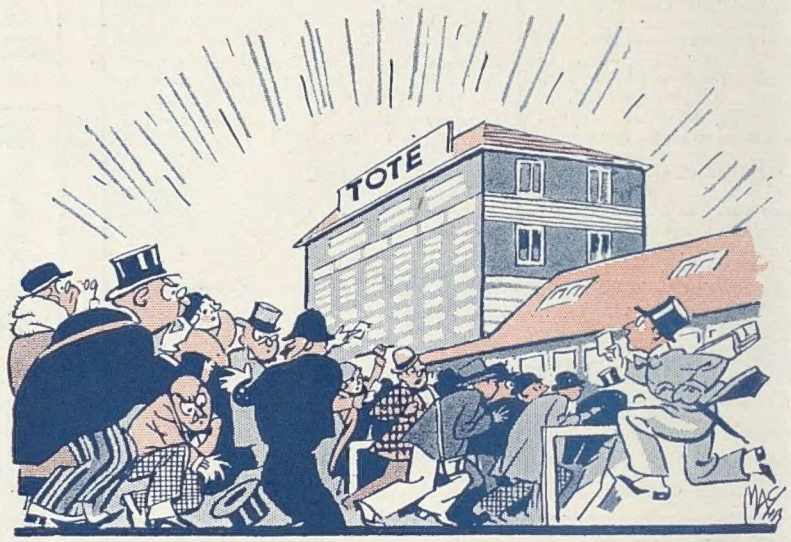

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